SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK

DEVOTED TO THE SPORTS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE, THE ANGLER, THE HUNTER—NEWS, LITERATURE, FASHION, TASTE, THE DRAMA, AND THE SCENES OF REAL LIFE.

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SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 8, 1832.

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NEW-YORK:

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INFORMATION WANTED.—A negro being observed eating a water-melon in Baltimore last week, the boys shouted "Cholera," so lustily, as to alarm two countrymen on the opposite side of the street, who hearing the dreadful cry, "made tracks" a "little spryer than James W. Spry," and have not been heard of since!

P. S. Twe men answering this description, were observed on the West side of the Rocky Mountains, "cutting dirt for dear life," on their way to the Oregon Territory, where they intend to "kiver themselves up in a salt-barrel to *keep*."

A Philadelphia Editor *says*, that a New-York Editor *remarks*, that "the harvest throughout France is *superb*;" on which a Providence Editor, *adds*, "the labor of gathering this *superb* harvest must be *beautiful*, the operation of grinding it, *elegant*, that of bolting it, *delightful*, that of making it into bread, *magnificent*, the appearance of the loaves, *interesting*, and the pleasure of eating them, *splendid*. Yes, *certainly*; and the napkins at the table must, *of course ye know*, be a *superior style of goods*.

WORTHY OF A PENSION.—A contemporary in Baltimore, tells us of an acquaintance of his, a Virginian by birth, who has "done the state some service." His friend is but thirty-two years of age, and is the father of *fifteen* children. He married his first wife at the age of fourteen—she died when he was eighteen, and was the mother of six—at nineteen years of age, he married his second wife, who is *young* yet, and the mother of nine. To use his own expression, he has "flattering prospects of more." Fifteen children in seventeen years, is what we would call doing a tolerable good business.

A GRAVE JOKE.—The man who drives the "Potter's Field" hearse, was ridiculed a few days since, by some of the hackmen on the stand. Being unwilling to bear their taunts, he exclaimed, "Shut up your mouf, you brack nigger—I always carry a passenger, dat's more than you can say!"

ST. PATRICK OVERCOME AT LAST.—A fellow with no brains, but beautiful hair, after boasting of its being very elastic and *oily*, qualified his remarks by saying that he frequently plunged into deep water, and always came up with his hair perfectly dry. "Humph!" exclaimed one of the company—"you beat St. Patrick, who swam across the Shannon with his *head* in his *mouth!*"

CONNECTICUT MYTHOLOGY.—The New Haven Advertiser says:—"The choir of Trinity Church, under the direction of Mr. Phœbus, propose to give a Concert this evening. Mr. Phœbus, is well known to the community, as a delightful singer." When Apollo is chorister, let mortals listen.

ADVICE.—A Baltimore editor advises his readers during the prevalence of the cholera in that city, to eat and drink *nothing at all*, and says, "safety demands the sacrifice." Verily, as example is better than precept, we recommend the writer to follow his own prescription.

HISTORICAL EPITAPH.—On a tombstone, in the eastern part of Massachusetts, is the following epitaph:

To the memory of Johnny and Molly Madere,
A whale killed him, and she lies here.

Original Foreign Items.

Dr. Johnson remarked that the following reply of Macbeth to his wife, after she had been urging him to murder Duncan, though contained in his own lines, would have made Shakspeare eminent, had he written nothing besides:—

"I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dare do more is none."

I'VE DONE THE DEED!"—At one of the private theatres in the metropolis, a tailor's apprentice, full of dramatic ardor, ventured upon the assumption of Shakspeare's character, of *Macbeth*. He got on very well until the murder scene, when as he rushed on with the dagger, exclaiming "*I have done the deed!*" an infuriated man jumped upon one of the benches in the pit, and vociferated "*It's false, sir!* you hav'nt mended Mr. Tomkins' clothes! and hang me if I don't thrash you well! Done the *deed* indeed! Why you hav'nt done a stich of work for the last three days!"

AN EXCELLENT JUDGE.—We were present a short time ago in a provincial town during the assizes, and one morning attended some of the trials: a considerable disturbance was kept up throughout the day in the Court, which irritated the venerable judge so much, that he at length exclaimed, "There has been so much noise in this court, that I have decided three causes without having heard a single word of either!"

AN OPENING.—When the news of Sergeant Wilde's escape from a pistol ball, reached Westminster Hall, a young barrister with a sigh exclaimed, "Poor fellow! But if the ball had hit his head, what a beautiful *opening* it would have made!"

AN EQUIVOCAL COMPLIMENT.—"I dined at Raby Castle; the old Duke of Cleveland with us, a cheerful old man, and in conversation *very far from an idiot!*"

A SEQUITUR.—A lady in a paroxysm of grief was said to have "shed *torrents* of tears." "Poor thing" replied a pursuer, "she must have a *cataract* in her eye."

TRICKS AND HONORS.—A few evenings ago at one of Lady Salisbury's card parties, the conversation turned on the marriage of a lady of a certain age with the valet of one of her relations. "I am surprised," exclaimed the charming Lady Chesterfield, "that a person of her situation in life could descend to such degradation!" "Ah, Madam!" exclaimed Alvanley, with a serious countenance, "it was late in the game; and at nine we don't reckon honors."

A preacher who had been a printer, observed in his harangue, that Youth might be compared to a *comma*, Manhood to a *semicolon*; Old age to a *colon*: to which Death put a *period*.

PUNISHMENT.—A doctor and a poet quarrelled; an indifferent person was referred to to settle the dispute, when the latter made the following reply:—

"You're faulty both, do penance for your crimes;
Bard takes his physic—doctor, read his rhymes."

CERTAIN CURE.—Upon a wall in the neighborhood of Regent's Park, some juvenile wag has scrawled in chalk, "*A certain cure for Cholera.—Hang the Board of Health.*"

BAD NEWS FOR LADIES.—One of the French papers, in giving an account of the success of the Algerine expedition, said, "The army is really superb; the regiments which have come from the North have not left *a single man* behind them!"

RARE WINES.—Sheridan, being asked what wines he liked best, looked in the querist's face significantly, and replied, "*Those of other people.*"

FOOTE, being asked by a lady to translate a physician's motto which was "*A numine salus,*" he quickly replied, "*God help the patient.*"

QUERY.—Is it more disagreeable to have no appetite for your dinner, or no dinner for your appetite?

WHAT IS MAN?—Dr. Kitchener answers the question, and calls him the *cooking animal.*

Who is that Peer who is always fishing in salt water? Lord *Angle-sea.*

To the Editors of the Spirit of the Times.

GENTLEMEN:—Having occasionally for many years enjoyed the sport of PICKEREL FISHING I have enclosed the result of my experience and observations in relation to these fish, which you will publish in your useful paper, if you deem them worthy of it. D.

PICKEREL.

These excellent fish, abounding in almost every lake and pond in the county of Dutchess, are supposed to have been brought originally from the Western lakes. Some years past a quantity of them was brought into the city of New-York, and examined by the late celebrated Doctor Mitchell: according to an article which was published in the New-York Evening Post, he described them as being the most beautiful fish in the American waters, and called them *Federation Fish*, or *Thirteen Rayed Pike*, by reason of the number of rays in their gills, fins and tail, which on examination, will be found to be *thirteen*, with little variation, the original number of States in the confederation. They grow to the length of between two and three feet, weighing five pounds and upwards, and are said to have been caught weighing over six pounds.

About 10 or 12 years ago, before Pickerel were placed in these lakes and ponds, they were filled with innumerable swarms of small fish, such as Shiners, Roach, and a great variety of others, equally useless. These are the favorite food for Pickerel, and in course of five or six years became nearly extinct, having been consumed by the new comers, and thus converted into a valuable kind of fish.

Pickerel weighing a pound and a half and upwards, when fresh, make an excellent dish, broiled or boiled; those of a pound in weight and less, are rather soft: they partake in a great degree of the water they are bred in—that is, in muddy ponds or dark colored water, they have a muddy flavor, and are lean, slender, of a dark color, and small in size. In pure water they grow large, fat and of a delicious flavor. From these circumstances it would seem that pure water is most congenial to them. It is however, of the the first importance to their increase, that the lake or pond have a considerable portion of weedy or grassy bottom, without this, it will be found they never multiply to a great extent.

Pickerel may be easily destroyed, and a free use of nets and spears for *one season only*, will lessen them to such extent as to put an end to the sport of an angler for several years after. The greatest evil is their being disturbed in the spring, when the ice breaks up, and the shallow water is warmed by the sun. Pickerel then go in the grassy banks and flats, and deposit their spawn, and watch them as a fowl does her nest, for the purpose of hatching and nursing the young brood, and preventing other fish from feeding on them. If spears and nets are at this time used among them, not only the breeders may be greatly destroyed, but almost exterminated—the spawn is not hatched, but becomes food for other fish, and the whole brood of the season is extinct. At this time too they seldom bite at a hook, they seem to feed little, become lean and soft, and are no better food than a fowl hatching or with a brood of chickens.

These fish should never be caught except with the hook and line. When they bite at a hook they are generally fat and in good health, and afford excellent sport to the angler, it requiring equal skill to catch them that it does in trout fishing. Except when disturbed or in pursuit of prey, their movements are no quicker nor much different from that of fish in general. They feed on small fish, and seldom bite at any thing else—those from 2 to 3 inches long are the proper size for bait.

For a distinct view of their manner of biting, and the mode of angling for them, imagine yourself in a boat on a lake or pond, the water 10 to 15 feet deep around it, with a number of poles about 15 feet long, projecting from the boat in every direction:—to each a line and hook baited with a small live fish within 12 to 18 inches from the bottom—hooked near the tail above and near the back bone, and a cork holding them up, and about 5ve or six feet of line between the corks and the ends of the poles—by anglers this is called Float-fishing. Within a short distance from your hook and bait, lies a fish two feet long, weighing three pounds, party or wholly concealed under weeds; his head peeping out, he discovers the bait, rises slowly—approaches it cautiously by hitches, and examines it. If it is dull and without life or motion, he passes on or returns to his former station, but if it is lively, playing about with the line, the Pickerel having risen up from his hiding place horizontal with the small fish or bait, buoyed without exertion, his glassy scales glittering with the reflection of the sun, with his silvery fins and tail spread out, and gills expanded, the rays in each appearing distinct like stripes, his tails and fins shaking with a slight wreathing of the body, as he examines the bait with a keen eye—the small fish or bait discovers him and moves in a contrary direction with all his strength dragging the line with him; the Pickerel apprehensive that his prey will escape, advances a little with a quick motion, stops short, again eyes the bait with suspicious scrutiny, then all of a sudden assuming courage, darts like a flash and seizes it, stops short, places it fairly in his mouth crosswise, the nook outside of his jaws, then sinks down to near the bottom, the cork is drawn under at the same time, and he moves off slowly, the cork following, and showing his movements: as soon as the Pickerel has seized the bait, which will be discovered by the cork being drawn under water, the angler advances with light and cautious steps, and the greatest care not to check or interrupt the fish in his progress, takes up the pole and follows the cork with the end of it, so as to give the fish slack line, and by no means check him—if checked in the least, he lets go the bait, and swims off in a flight or retires to his hiding place—as the Pickerel moves on he prepares the bait to swallow it, after having gone about a fathom he stops short, deliberately turns the head of the small fish or bait into his mouth, and then again moves on slowly, swallowing the bait, and having gone about a fathom more will have taken in the hook—now is the time to fasten him in—for this purpose draw in the pole and line, hand over hand, as fast as possible, until you feel his weight on your hands. It is now that the fish finding himself entangled and hooked, first endeavors to turn his head, and dashes on one side, then on the other, to disengage himself—he sometimes rises suddenly and shoots above the surface of the water, twice his length, shaking himself violently while suspended in the air; at other times he darts directly towards the boat with his mouth open and gills expanded, and if in this or any other manner he gets slack line, he will throw out the hook, or by a sudden dart break the line or tear his gills and escape. The angler must keep a stiff line, watching all the movements, and if possible keep the Pickerel straight and feel his weight on his hands, giving a little line if necessary, to break the force of any sudden jerk or twist, and not drawing too fast, as the gills being tender, the hook will tear out; having brought him to the surface, raise him quick, but gently, after clearing his head from the under edge of the boat, and he falls flouncing at your feet.

Having again baited the hook, and thrown it out to its place, and examined all the lines and poles, placed them all in order and the bait lively, seat yourself and watch the corks, keeping them constantly in your eye; directly one of the corks sinks lightly, a few inches under water, and moves off slowly:—you softly approach and seize the pole to which the cork is attached and follow the cork with the end of the pole as before—again ensues a trial of skill on the part of the angler, and of cautious cunning on the part of the fish, and it is not impossible that fortune may favor the escape of the latter this time. Pickerel sometimes advance in schoals, when they form a circle round the bait at a respectful distance, heads inverted towards the bait, cautiously observing his struggling, when of a sudden one more forward than the rest pounces forward and seizes him.

Another method of catching them is by TROLLING, performed with a line attached to a long pole and hook baited with a small bait, and this skipped over the surface of the water by the edge of pond lillies and grass near the shores of ponds, under which small Pickerel lie concealed, (the larger ones generally remaining in deep water,) watching for prey, and will dart from their hiding places with such force as to rise considerably above the water, having seized the bait in rising, fall back into the water with a splash. The lower fins of the Pickerel next the gills may be used for bait in trolling.

In clear water, where Pickerel can see some distance, a line of 50 or 60 feet in length, may be used to advantage, a hook at one end and an ounce ball at 8 or 10 inches above the hook, which baited with a small fish of the largest size used for bait, hooked into the mouth through the head, then whirled round at rapid motion and thrown out the whole length of the line; suffer the ball to sink to, or near the bottom, then draw in hand over hand, six or eight inches at a time, with a quick twitching motion, a momentary pause after each; if a Pickerel bites you will feel it stop drawing, give some line and watch his movements until a proper time to pull upon him. If there is no bite, draw in the whole line in a coil, and then throw it out in a different direction, and so on as long as the exercise is agreeable.

In the winter season, after the ice is covered with snow, or has become clouded and lost its transparency, Pickerel may be caught by cutting holes in the ice about the size of a hat crown, and lines let down with hooks baited in the same depth as in fishing from a boat. Machines may be used on the ice to great advantage, consisting of poles 6 or 7 feet long, placed on trivetts, resting on pieces of wire as pivots, the line tied to the small end, and the butt end of sufficient weight to sink to the ice, and raise the small end with the line four or five feet above; where a fish bites, the pole will move on the pivot, and give notice of the biting: this method lessens the labor greatly, and enables the angler to attend to a much greater number of lines.

It is indispensible to successful angling for Pickerel, that the angler be supplied with abundance of lively small fish for bait, placed in a basket or car, where they are supplied with a fresh circulation and constant change of water. The car is a box either square at the ends or in the shape of a boat about three feet long and a foot wide, with two departments, one for bait and the other for Pickerel, the sides and bottom full of holes and a stone put in to settle down the top even with the surface of the water—both Pickerel and bait will thus remain alive, fresh and lively.

The fishing season for Pickerel is after the making and during the continuance of strong, solid ice, and again from the middle of May to the latter part of October. They bite well in fair, dry, settled weather, and low water in summer, and cloudy or hazy in winter, and best in the early part of the day, commencing with the dawn of the morning. During and after freshets it is labor in vain. An easterly wind is considered unfavorable for angling. D.

AS GOOD AS NEW.—The old story has again come to us "revised and corrected." An Eastern paper states that a "Shaker" at Enfield, N. H., crossing the beautiful pond at that place, (where we have angled many a time,) being thirsty, and perceiving a hole in the ice, stooped down to drink: being possessed of a very long *red* nose, a fish supposed that he had some bait, made bold snap at it, when the man threw back his head, and drew out a *trout* weighing 3lbs. 4oz.

A SCOTTISH LEGEND.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

[The following tale is introduced as an episode into an article entitled "A Glance over Selby's Ornithology," in Blackwood's Magazine.—We are aware that it may have met the eye of a large number of our readers; but the thrilling interest of the narrative, and the vigor and beauty of the style, will go far to induce, as well as reward, a re-perusal.]

Some people have a trick of describing incidents as having happened within their own observation, when, in fact, they were at the time lying asleep in bed, and disturbing the whole house with the snore of their dormitory. Such is too often the character of the eye-witnesses of the present age. Now, I would not claim personal acquaintance with an incident I had not seen—no, not for fifty guineas per sheet; and therefore I warn the reader not to believe the following little story about an eagle and a child on the alleged authority of the writer of this article. "I tell the tale as 'twas told to me," by the schoolmaster of the parish alluded to above; and if the incident never occurred, then must he have been one of the greatest and most gratuitous of liars that ever taught the young idea how to shoot. For my single self, I am by nature credulous. Many extraordinary things happen in this life; and though "seeing is believing," so likewise "believing is seeing," as every one must allow who reads the following pages of this Magazine.

Almost all the people in the parish were leading in their meadow-hay on the same day of midsummer, so drying was the sunshine and the wind,—and huge, heaped-up wains, that almost hid from view the horses that drew them along the sward beginning to get green with second growth, were moving in all directions towards the snug farm-yards. Never had the parish seemed before so populous. Jocund was the balmy air with laughter, whistle, and song. But the tree-gnomens threw the shadow of "one o'clock" on the green dial-face of the earth—the horses were unyoked, and took instantly to grazing; groups of men, women, lads, lasses, and children, collected under grove, and bush, and hedge-row; graces were pronounced, some of them rather too tedious in the presence of the mantling milk-cans, brimming of butter, and crackling cakes; and the great Being, who gave them that day their daily bread, looked down from his Eternal Throne, well pleased with the piety of his thankful creatures.

The great Golden Eagle, the pride and pest of the parish, stooped down, and away with something in his talons. One single sudden female shriek, and then shouts and outcries as if a church-spire had tumbled down on a congregation at a sacrament!—"Hannah Lamond's bairn!" "Hannah Lamond's bairn!" was the loud, fast-spreading cry: "The Eagle's ta'en aff Hannah Lamond's bairn!" and many hundred feet were in another instant hurrying towards the mountain. Two miles of hill, and dale, and copse, and shingle, and many intersecting brooks lay between; but in an incredibly short time the foot of the mountain was alive with people. The eyrie was well known, and both old birds were visible on the rock-ledge. But who shall scale that dizzy cliff, which Mark Steuart the sailor, who had been at the storming of many a fort, attempted in vain? All kept gazing, weeping, wringing of hands in vain, rooted to the ground, or running back and forwards, like so many ants essaying their new wings in discomfiture.—"What's the use—what's the use o' ony puir human means? We have no power but in prayer!" and many knelt down—fathers and mothers thinking of their own babes—as if they would force the deaf heavens to hear!

Hannah Lamond had all this while been sitting on a rock, with a face perfectly white, and eyes like those of a mad person, fixed on the eyrie. Nobody had noticed her; for strong as all sympathies with her had been at the swoop of the Eagle, they were now swallowed up in the agony of eye-sight.—"Only last Sabbath was my sweet wee wean baptized in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost!" and, on uttering these words, she flew off through the brakes, and over the huge stones, up—up—up—faster than ever huntsman ran into the death,—fearless as a goat playing among the precipices. No one doubted, no one could doubt, that she would soon be dashed to pieces.—But have not people who walk in their sleep, in obedience to the mysterious guidance of dreams, climb the walls of old ruins, and found footing, even in decrepitude, along the edge of unguarded battlements, and down dilapidated stair-cases, deep as draw-wells or coal-pits, and returned with open, fixed, and unseeing eyes, unharmed to their beds, at midnight? It is all the work of the soul, to whom the body is a slave; and shall not the agony of a mother's passion—who sees her baby, whose warm mouth had just left her breast, hurried off by a demon to a hideous death—bear her limbs aloft wherever there is dust to dust, till she reach that devouring den, and fiercer and more furious far, in the passion of love, than any bird of prey that ever bathed its beak in blood, throttle the fiends that with their heavy wings would fain flap her down the cliffs, and hold up her child in deliverance before the eye of the all-seeing God?

No stop—no stay,—she knew not that she drew her breath. Beneath her feet Providence fastened every loose stone, and to her hands strengthened every root. How was she ever to descend? That fear but once crossed her heart, as up—up—up—to the little image made of her own flesh and blood. "The God who holds me now from perishing, will not the same God save me when my child is on my bosom?" Down came the fierce rushing of the Eagles' wings—each savage bird dashing close to her head, so that she saw the yellow of their wrathful eyes.—All at once they quailed, and were cowed. Yelling, they flew off to the stump of an ash jutting out of a cliff, a thousand feet above the cataract, and the Christian mother falling across the eyrie, in the midst of bones and blood, clasped her child—dead—dead—dead—no doubt—but unmangled and untorn, and swaddled up just as it was when she laid it down asleep among the fresh hay in a nook of the harvest-field. Oh! what pang of perfect blessedness transfixed her heart from that faint, feeble cry!—"It lives! it lives! it lives!" and baring her bosom, with loud laughter, and eyes dry as stones, she felt the lips of the unconscious innocent once more murmuring at the fount of life and love! "O thou great and thou dreadful God! whither hast thou brought me—one of the most sinful of thy creatures? Oh! save my soul, lest it perish, even for thy own name's sake! O Thou, who diedst to save sinners, have mercy upon me!" Cliffs, chasms, blocks of stone, and the skeletons of old trees—far, far down, and dwindled into specks, a thousand creatures of her own kind, stationary or running to and fro! Was that the sound of the waterfall, or the faint roar of voices? Is that her native strath? and that tuft of trees, does it contain the hut in which stands the cradle of her child? Never more shall it be rocked by her foot? Here must she die, and when her breast is exhausted, her baby too! And those horrid beaks, and eyes, and talons, and wings, will return, and her child will be devoured at last, even within the dead bosom that can protect it no more.

Where all this while was Mark Steuart the sailor? Half-way up the cliffs. But his eye had got dim, and his head dizzy, and his heart sick; and he who had so often reefed the top-gallant sail, when at midnight the coming of the gale was heard afar, covered his face with his hands, and dared look no longer on the swimming heights. "And who will take care of my poor bed-ridden mother?" thought Hannah, whose soul, through the exhaustion of so many passions, could no more retain in its grasp that hope which it had clutched in despair. A voice whispered "God." She looked round, expecting to see an angel, but nothing moved except a rotten branch, that, under its own weight, broke off from the crumbling rock. Her eye, by some secret sympathy of her soul with the inanimate object, watched its fall; and it seemed to stop, not far off, on a small platform. Her child was bound within her bosom—she remembered not how or when—but it was safe; and, scarcely daring to open her eyes, she slid down the shelving rocks, and found herself on a small piece of firm, root-bound soil, with the tops of bushes appearing below. With fingers suddenly strengthened into the power of iron, she swung herself down by brier, and broom, and heather, and dwarf-birch. There, a loosened stone leaped over a ledge, and no sound was heard, so profound was its fall. There, the shingle rattled down the screes, and she hesitated not to follow. Her feet bounded against the huge stone that stopped them, but she felt no pain. Her body was callous as the cliff.—Steep as the wall of a house was now the side of the precipice. But it was matted with ivy centuries old, long ago dead, and without a single green leaf, but with thousands of arm-thick stems petrified into the rock, and covering it as with a trellice. She bound her baby to her neck, and with hands and feet clung to that fearful ladder. Turning round her head and looking down, lo! the whole population of the parish, so great was the multitude, on their knees; and, hush! the voice of psalms! a hymn, breathing the spirit of one united prayer! Sad and solemn was the strain, but nothing dirge-like;—breathing not of death but deliverance. Often had she sung that tune perhaps the very words, but them she heard not, in her own hut, she and her mother, or in the kirk, along with all the congregation. An unseen hand seemed fastening her fingers to the ribs of ivy, and in sudden inspiration believing that her life was to be saved, she became almost as fearless as if she had been changed into a winged creature. Again her feet touched stones and earth; the psalm was hushed, but a tremulous, sobbing voice was close beside her, and lo! a she-goat, with two little kids at her feet! "What heights," thought she, "do these creatures climb; but the dam will lead down her kids by the easiest paths; for oh! even in the brute creatures, what is the holy power of a mother's love!" and turning round her head, she kissed her sleeping baby, and for the first time she wept.

Over head frowned the front of the precipice, never touched before by human hand or foot. No one had ever dreamed of scaling it; and the Golden Eagles knew that well in their instinct, as, before they built their eyrie, they had brushed it with their wings.—But all the rest of his part of the mountain-side, though scored, and seamed, and chasmed, was yet accessible; and more than one person in the parish had reached the bottom of the Gled's Cliff. Many were now attempting it; and ere the cautious mother had followed her dumb guides a hundred yards, through dangers that, although enough to terrify the stoutest heart, were traversed by her without a shudder, the head of one man appeared, and then the head of another, and she knew that God had delivered her and her child in safety into the care of their fellow-creatures. Not a word was spoken, eyes said enough—she hushed her friends with her hands, and with uplifted eyes pointed to the guides sent her by Heaven. Small green plats, where those creatures nibble the wild flowers, became now more frequent—trodden lines, almost as easy as sheep-paths, showed that the man had not led her young into danger; and now the brushwood dwindled away into straggling shrubs, and the party stood on a little eminence above the stream, and forming part of the strath.

There had been trouble and agitation, and much sobbing, and many tears, among the multitude, while the mother was scaling the cliffs—sublime was the shout that echoed after the moment she reached the eyrie; then had succeeded a silence deep as death—in a little while arose that hymning prayer, succeeded by mute supplication—the wildness of thankful and congratulatory joy had next its sway—and now that her salvation was sure, the great crowd rustled like a wind-swept wood. And for whose sake was all this alternation of agony? A poor humble creature, unknown to many, even by name; one who had had but few friends, nor wished for more; contented to work all day, here—there—any where, that she might be able to support her aged mother and her little child—and who on the Sabbath took her seat in an obscure pew, set apart for paupers, in the kirk!

"Fall back, and give her fresh air," said the old minister of the parish; and the circle of close faces widened round her lying as in death. "Gie me the bonny bit bairn into my arms," cried first one mother and then another, and it was tenderly handed round the circle of kisses, many of the snooded maidens bathing its face in tears. "There's no a single scratch about the puir innocent; for the Eagle! ye see, maun hae stuck its talons into the lang claes and the shawl.—Blind, blind, maun they be, who see not the finger o' God in this thing!"

Hannah started up from her swoon, and looking wildly round, cried, "Oh! the Bird! the Bird! the Eagle! the Eagle! The Eagle has carried off my bonny wee Walter—is there nane to pursue?" A neighbor put her baby into her breast, and shutting her eyes, and smiting her forehead, the sorely bewildered creature said in a low voice, "Am I wauken?—Oh! tell me if I'm wauken—or if a' this be the wark o' a fever, and the delirium o' a dream?"

Hannah Lamond was not yet twenty years old—and although she was a mother—and you may guess what a mother—yet, frown not, fair and gentle reader—frown not, pure and stainless as thou art—to her belonged not the sacred name of wife, and that baby was the child of sin and of shame—yes, "the child of misery, baptized in tears!" She had loved, trusted, been betrayed, and deserted. In sorrow and solitude—uncomforted and despised, she bore her burden. Dismal had been the hour of travail, and she feared her mother's heart would have broken, even when her own was cleft in twain. But how healing is forgiveness, alike to the wounds of the forgiving and the forgiven! And then Hannah knew that although guilty before God, her guilt was not such as her fellow-creatures deemed it—forsooth! there were dreadful secrets which should never pass her lips against the father of her child! so she bowed down her young head, and soiled it with the ashes of repentance, walking with her eyes on the ground as she again entered the kirk—yet not fearing to lift them up to heaven during the prayer. Her sadness inspired a general pity; she was excluded from no house she had heart to visit—no coarse comment—no ribald jest accompanied the notice people took of her baby—no licentious rustic presumed on her frailty, for the pale, melancholy face of the nursing mother, weeping as she sung the lullaby, forbade all such approach—and an universal sentiment of indignation drove from the parish the heartless and unprincipled seducer—if all had been known, too weak word for his crime, who left thus to pine in sorrow, and in shame far worse than sorrow—one, who, till her unhappy fall, had been held up by every mother as an example to her daughters, of sense and modesty, and the meek unpretending piety of a Christian faith!

Never, never once had she striven to cease to love her betrayer; but she had striven, and an appeased conscience had enabled her to do so, to think not of him now that he had deserted her for ever. Sometimes his image, as well in love as in wrath, passed before the eye of her heart, but she closed it in tears of blood, and the phantom disappeared. Thus all the love towards him that slept, but was not dead, arose in yearnings of still more exceeding love towards his child. Round its head was gathered all hope of comfort—of peace—of reward of her repentance. One of its smiles was enough to brighten up the darkness of the future. In her breast, on her knee, in its cradle, she regarded it with a perpetual prayer. And this feeling it was, with all the overwhelming tenderness of affection, all the invigorating power of passion, that, under the hand of God, bore her up and down that fearful mountain's brow, and after the hour of rescue and deliverance, stretched her on the greenward like a corpse.

The rumor of the miracle soon circled the mountain's base, and a strange story without names was told to the Wood-ranger of the Cairn-Forest, by a way-faring man. Anxious to know what truth there was in it, he crossed the hill, and making his way through the sullen crowd, went up to the eminence, and beheld, just recovering from her final swoon, her whom he had so wickedly ruined, and so basely deserted. Hisses and gróans, and hootings, and fierce eyes, and clenched hands, assailed and treated him on every side.

His heart died within him, not in fear, but in remorse. What a worm he felt himself to be, and fain would he have been to become a worm, that, to escape all that united human scorn, he might have wriggled away in slime into some hole of the earth! But the meek eye of Hannah met his in perfect forgiveness—a tear of pity—a faint smile of love. All his better nature rose within him, all his worse nature was quelled. "Yes, good people, you do right to cover me with your scorn. But what is your scorn to the wrath of God? The Evil One has often been with me in the woods; the same voice that once whispered me to murder her—but here I am; not to offer retribution—for that may not, will not, must not be—guilt must not mate with innocence. But here I proclaim that innocence. I deserve death, and I am willing here, on this spot, to deliver myself into the hands of justice. Allan Calder, I call on you to seize your prisoner."

The moral sense of the people, when instructed by knowledge and enlightened by religion, what else is it but the voice of God! Their anger subsided at once into a serene satisfaction, and that soon softened, in sight of her who alone aggrieved, alone felt nothing but tenderest forgiveness, into a confused compassion for the man who, bold and bad as he had been, had undergone many solitary torments, and nearly fallen in his uncompanioned misery into the power of the Prince of Darkness. The old clergyman, whom all reverenced, put the contrite man's hand in hers, whom he swore to love and cherish all his days—and, ere summer was over, Hannah was the mistress of a family, in a house not much inferior to a Manse. Her mother, now that not only her daughter's reputation was freed from stain, but her innocence also proved, renewed her youth. And although the worthy schoolmaster, who told me the tale so much better than I have been able to repeat it, confessed that the wood-ranger never became altogether a saint, nor acquired the edifying habit of pulling down the corners of his mouth, and turning up the white of his eyes, yet he assured me, that he never afterwards heard any thing very seriously his prejudice—that he became in due time elder of the Kirk, gave his children a religious education, erring only in making rather too much of a pet of his eldest born, whom, even when grown up to manhood, he never called by any other name than the Eaglet.

From the Constellation.

A BEAR ON A TURTLE DOVE.—In giving one's opinion, there is a degree of prudence in so expressing it, as to allow a little lee-way—a few degrees of variation, without getting too far from the truth. In illustration of this prudent mode of proceeding, we have an anecdote, including a second, illustrative of the first.

Three doctors, whose name It is needless to mention here, were called to *see* a patient laboring under a certain complaint, upon the nature of which they could not agree. One said it was a rupture; another that it was an abscess; while the third judiciously forebore to express any decided opinion, but said he had very little doubt that it was either a rupture or an abscess. On this the patient told a story. He said:

There was a neighboring farmer, who had three sons. They were all nation smart boys; but the youngest, who was called Sam, was in particular famed for his judgment and penetration. He was the oracle of the family; and to his decision all matters of importance were usually referred.

One day as the father and three sons were at work in the field, they heard the dog barking at a distance, as if he had treed some species of game; and one of the elder boys was sent to see what it was. He returned without having made any discovery; and the next elder having been sent, came back with the like unsatisfactory result. It now remained for the oracle to go. He accordingly proceeded to the spot. Went round and round the tree; peered carefully into the branches; and came back with the final and important decision—That, as far as he could make out, from what he saw of the *critter*, he should say it was either a *Bear* or a *Turtle Dove*.

J. R. ANDERSON.

The following will serve as a specimen of the Munchausen stories told by the singer Anderson. Fernando Mendez Pinto was but a type of this prince of liars.—*Com. Adv.*

ANDERSON AND JONATHAN.—Every one who takes any interest in theatrical matters, must be already aware of the inhospitable reception given to Mr. Anderson, the vocalist, on his arrival in America. He escaped, to use a familiar expression, with "the skin of his teeth." The story as originally told, was, that Anderson abused the American people, from the President down to the humblest wood cutter in the back settlements. This is Jonathan's version; but *audi alteram partem* is a good maxim. Mr. Anderson has returned to England, is now in London, and is to play for Chapman's benefit, at the Strand Theatre, to-night, in Henry Bertram—the same character in which he made so unlucky a *debut* on the other side of the Atlantic. Every man who sets out on a voyage of discovery, keeps a diary of his adventures. Fortunately for Mr. Anderson, he did not omit this prudent course; and, having done so, is enabled to justify his conduct to his countrymen. From his "mems" we are enabled to make a few extracts, sufficiently characteristic of this trans-Atlantic bit of hospitality to a stranger. He describes the origin of the quarrel somewhat to this effect.

Having concluded an advantageous engagement with Price of the New York Theatre, for Mrs. Anderson and himself, they sailed from Liverpool in July, 1831; on the passage Mr. Anderson's servant complained of ill usage from the stewards, which the master properly resented, but the captain afforded him no redress. This was not all; one of the passengers, a "monkey that had seen the world" without acquiring much worldly wisdom, though delighting in the proud name of George Washington Lee, thought proper at table below deck, to use in the presence of Mrs. Anderson, language too coarse for a husband's ear. "Challenge of battle" was offered, but declined by the Washington, who was thereupon dubbed "coward;" an unenviable distinction in any part of the world. Anderson was almost the only Englishman of the cabin party, consequently had no chance against such odds as were opposed to him. On his arrival at New York, a report was industriously circulated through the city that he had scandalized the whole American people. His reception was tremendous. In his own words, "they pelted me with open penknives, glass bottles, lemons, cruets, hooks and eyes, large pieces of wood, rotten eggs, chesnuts, door-keys, and ladies' combs." He stood the "pelting of the pitiless storm" two nights, when he was fain to beat a retreat. With the genties of New-York it was evident he had no chance of a fair trial. He went on to Boston, when the opposition was again brought to bear against him, through the instrumentality of his quondam friend and *compagnon de voyage*, Mr. Washington Lee; and though in the first instance his reception was sufficiently flattering, he was compelled to make his escape over the roof of the theatre, and in dropping to the street he was caught by a friendly projecting hook, and there hung in the some classic state of suspension as the Prophet's tomb, and came off somewhat like poor *Bailii Nicol Jarvie*, minus a coat-skirt. His road and river adventures would make a very pretty pocket volume, but we have no room for extracts. The Americans, however, gave some proof of gallantry to a lady—Mrs. Anderson's *debut* in *Lilla* and *Apollo* being eminently successful. He speaks with great wrath—not friendly warmth—of certain annoyances which Mrs. Anderson experienced from a Mr. Walton, an Englishman, who is manager of the Baltimore Theatre. "I was obliged, however, to knock under—we were 3,500 miles from home, and friendless low enough. The penalty here for knocking down is very severe, or I should establish myself, *sans ceremonie*, as an auctioneer." In another *mem*, he says, "the greatest punishment that can be inflicted upon any Theatrical, is to sentence him to seven years' transportation to America." His essay at Baltimore was even more decidedly disastrous than at New York. In short, he was compelled, *as Rob Roy* has it, to "make one pair of legs worth two pair of hands." After encountering every species of annoyance and personal violence, he quitted the inhospitable States the 16th June, crying, with *Hamlet*, "For England, ho!" where he means very shortly to publish his reminiscences.—*London Morning Chronicle.*

A FOX HUNT.—Colonel Fox has declined to stand a candidate for parliament from Brighton. The *Fox* was not *bright-un* enough to *earth* himself there, and has *brushed* at once to another *cover*.]—Age.

A HARD-HEADED REPRESENTATIVE.—The Emperor Nicholas is about to erect a monument to the memory of his brother Alexander, of one block of granite, twelve feet high.—[What a monstrous *block-head* will this represent Alexander to have been! The *feat* proceeds with little *speed*, notwithstanding the number of *feet*.]—*Ib.*

STEALING A LION.—Andrew Hall, a lad about ten years of age, was indicted at the Old Court, Old Bailey, for stealing a lion, aged 229 years! It appeared that the lion was left in an unguarded state on the premises of the prosecutor, Mr. Nichols, at Hoxton. A gentleman saw the prisoner go in the most daring manner, and seize the lion; and on his coming out he stopped him, and it was found secreted in his breeches pocket.—The lion was produced in court, and identified by the prosecutor, who stated that he kept a curiosity shop. The value of the property was 1 shilling. It was a carving in ivory by Pietro Winnant, in the year 1603. The prisoner was sentenced to be privately whipped and discharged.

DUCHESS DE BERRI.—We are enabled to state positively that the Duchess de Berri was in London (*incognito*, of course) during two whole days of last week; namely, Tuesday and Wednesday, and that her Royal Highness left London, for Holyrood-house on Thursday. She was constantly accompanied by a female attendant, who so exactly resembles her in face and figure, that persons not well acquainted with both, would scarcely distinguish them when apart. It may be worth while to mention, in proof of priority of our information on matters of this nature, that we were in possession of the above facts in time for notice in our publication of last week, but they were omitted by an accident at the printing office.

On the return of the ship Brutus to Liverpool, in consequence of the ravages of Cholera among her passengers, it was discovered that two of them who had taken the name of Daily, had escaped from Ireland, where they had been guilty of murder. Their real names were Conner, and the enquiry which led to the discovery, was made in consequence of their conversation, which was overheard by another passenger. One of them fell a victim to the cholera, and the other, being identified by an officer, who was sent over from Ireland for the purpose, as one of the persons concerned in the murder, was taken into custody and sent off to Dublin.

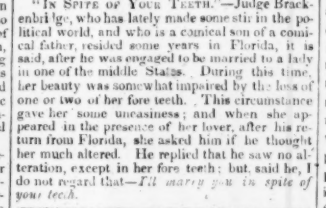
ABSENCE OF MIND.—A ludicrous example of this kind of absurdity is related of Mr. K——, a courtier of the reign of George III. This personage went one birth night to White's coffee-house, St. James's, full dressed except his stockings, which he had forgotten, as he accidentally discovered in consequence of spilling some hot coffee upon his legs. He immediately sent the waiter to bring him a pair of white silk stockings, expressing his astonishment at the inadvertence he had committed, and congratulating himself on having so fortunately found it out. The stockings being brought to him, he put them both on one leg, and went to court.

VERY BARBER-OUS.—Sir Edward Sugden has been lately quarrelling with his son, and now refuses to hold communication with him. The worthy knight is at his old trade of *heir-cutting*.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.—"You remind me of an anecdote I have heard. Mr. Wood, the singer, finding himself abused by a particular paper, sent the editors a five pound note, with his compliments, stating his uneasiness under the severity of their criticism, and requesting more leniency in future. It was complied with: the paper complained of became his advocate, and asserted boldly that he had vastly improved of late, through attention to their wholesome suggestions. —*Letter from Mr. Wilmot.*

Two friends, who had not seen each other for a long time, met one day by accident. "How do you do?" said one. "So so," replied the other, "and yet I was married since you and I were together. —That is good news. "Not very good, for it was my lot to choose a termagant." "It is a pity." "I hardly think it so, for she brought me two thousand pounds." Well, there is comfort. "Not much—for with her fortune I purchased a quantity of sheep, and they are all dead of the rot." That is indeed distressing. "Not so distressing as you imagine, for by the sale of their skins I got more than the sheep cost me." In that case you are indemnified. "By no means, for my house and all my money have been destroyed by fire." Alas! this was a dreadful misfortune. "Faith, not so dreadful—for my wife and my house were burned together."

"IN SPITE OF YOUR TEETH."—Judge Brackenbridge, who has lately made some stir in the political world, and who is a comical son of a comical father, resided some years in Florida, it is said, after he was engaged to be married to a lady in one of the middle States. During this time, her beauty was somewhat impaired by the loss of one or two of her fore teeth. This circumstance gave her some uneasiness; and when she appeared in the presence of her lover, after his return from Florida, she asked him if he thought her much altered. He replied that he saw no alteration, except in her fore teeth; but, said he, I do not regard that—*I'll marry you in spite of your teeth.*



City of New-York:

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPT. 8, 1832.

HEALTH OF THE CITY.

Since the Board of Health discontinued their daily reports of the cases and deaths by cholera, old Madam Rumor has been actively employed in disseminating direful stories of the pestilence that have greatly annoyed the timid and the credulous. We were sorry the regular Reports were stopped, and for the reason that our citizens yet in the country, and strangers, would be less inclined to venture into town possessed of no data when by to judge of the danger, than they would did they know the full extent of the terrific disease.

We can now judge of the fast retreating destroyer only by the weekly account of interments which always gives the maximum, as all sudden and unaccountable deaths are set down to cholera. From this we learn that the number of deaths were forty-five less last week than the week previous, and physicians assure us that we may expect a still greater decrease by the next report.

Our citizens have so generally resumed their wanted avocations, and business has become so brisk and so many strangers are now with us, that little time is given to vain and gloomy anticipations, while a prudent indulgence in the amusements and gayeties of life has thoroughly exterminated those nervous apprehensions which for a long time harrassed and enfeebled even the stoutest hearts. Safe, however, as every prudent person may justly consider himself, still it behoves us all to be wary and cautious how we suddenly throw off those restrictions on our appetites which time has now rendered of easy indurance, but by a premature unobservance of which, every one would expose himself to the extremest hazard.

As an epedemic the cholera has become almost entirely extinct—a few sporadic cases have occurred, which seemed to be unaccountable, but the great majority are clearly attributable to the grossest disregard to all measures of prudence; either by the indulgence of the most "gluttenous appetite," or by going to the extreme limit of a drunken debauch. We have little sympathy for such, and they deserve none; when *they* are pretty thoroughly "used up," we may expect to hear no more of cholera,—'till then, doubtless 'twill linger among us and give Madam Rumor an opportunity to run over town, frightening the natives, while "naked Truth is putting on her boots."

THE KEMBLES.

Before our paper goes to press, it will have become generally known, through the medium of the Dailies, that Mr. CHARLES KEMBLE and his distinguished daughter, Miss FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE, have arrived in our city, and taken rooms at the American Hotel.

For many years there has existed in our community a strong desire to see on American boards some representative of this illustrious family.—The efforts that were made to induce Mrs. Siddons to cross the Atlantic are indicative of this natural inclination to witness, though in the evening of her days, the Queen of Tragedy, and, as was then thought, the most perfect specimen of "the Kembles."

Since those exertions were made, there has arisen a new scion of this noble stock, who as an actress not only rivals her great prototype and aunt, Mrs. Siddons, but, as an authoress, has eclipsed, in one department at least, all the literary productions of her sex, and given to the world the most perfect tragedy of modern times. This fair creature is now with us; and we may may soon hope to witness, both in herself and her father the very beau ideal of the histrionic art. Indeed, such are the prospects of rare entertainments at our Theatres for the present autumn, that surely the most fastidious cannot complain, nor the most veteran play-goer repine at the degeneracy of the times.

The DAILY STRANGER'S LIST is the title of a new and useful journal, published at 100 William street, at $5 per annum. It details the names of individuals who arrive at the respectable hotels in the city; contains a list of the numerous steam boats, packets, stages, &c. and their times of departure, together with advertisements of the different places of public amusement and recreation. The enterprising publishers have our best wishes.

LOOK OUT!—Georgia bank notes, we hear, are getting to be a very questionable sort of property. Even brokers will not touch them unless with two pair of gloves on, and then at arms' length. We have even heard that, since the failure of the Bank of Macon, the different banks, or some of them at least, have demanded a discount of ten per cent. on each other's notes. Rather close shaving this.

A Philadelphia editor thinks that paving-stones are preferable to green corn—because, the former will not sour on the stomach, nor swell.

HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION.—We find on our table a neat 12mo. of 270 pages, just published by Mr. John Doyle, No. 12, Liberty-street, entitle "A History of the Protestant Reformation in England and Ireland, showing how that event has impoverished and degraded the main body of the people in those countries; in a series of Letters addressed to all sensible and just Englishmen; by WILLIAM COBBETT." A contemporary, for whose opinion we entertain a high regard, remarks that, "whatever may be said of the author as a private man, it is conceded by all that no political writer in the English language surpasses him in force of style and pungency of argument." It will scarcely be necessary to inform those who are even slightly acquahted with the character of Mr. Cobbett's writings that the work before us, notwithstanding the theological aspect of its title, is strictly a political disquisition; and although reflecting incidentally on the motives of the early Reformers, its main object is an examination of the tenure of church property, and the various subjects of a similar nature which the pressure of the tithe system and the progress of political reform in England have tended to bring into agitation. As a historical work we cheerfully commend it to the attention of a liberal and impartial public.

THE ROSCOE.

This magnificent packet will sail on her first trip to Liverpool this morning; and it is calculated that her almost unrivalled splendor and beauty can hardly fail to "astonish the natives" there—even allowing John Bull to be somewhat accustomed to the sight of beautiful ships, and withal rather unaccustomed to the betrayal of the least symptoms of admiration of any thing not thoroughly and purely English.

The Roscoe has been built under the immediate inspection of her commander, Captain James Rogers, whose nautical skill and experience require no commendation; and being constructed and fitted by superior workmen, without regard to expense, she is probably the most superb vessel that sails the Atlantic.

The compliment which has been paid to the city of Liverpool in naming this fine ship in honor of the most distinguished of her literati, who as a poet and a scholar is favorably known throughout the literary world, is peculiarly appropriate; and if the Roscoe maintains by her sailing the high character which her appearance and the reputation of her commander has already obtained for her, she will long remain among the most distinguished of the New-York and Liverpool packets.

BETTING ON ELECTIONS.

It does not comport with the spirit of our print, to dip into politics, and we have ever avoided the subject most scrupulously—but as the "de'il would have it"—politics have dipped into us, and betting on elections is as rife as betting on races.

No man of late, dares express a political opinion, unless he has "the ready" in his hand to substantiate his sincerity and stedfastness—much less dare any one speak of the political prospects of an individual, unless he backs his judgment with an offer of a bet—and last of all things, would any one think of speaking of the politics of a State without offering to bet down to his last shirt, in justification of the "advisedness" of his speculations.

We can hardly keep pace with the state of the betting market, but if half the offers that have been made are taken, there will be sorry faces this fall among certain wise ones now in our eye.

The electoral vote of this State, has been oftenest bet on in our city. The amount of the different wagers varies from thousands of dollars to a shilling—from a suit of clothes to a pair of boots—from a dozen of Champaigne to a glass of blue ruin. The Standard publishes a list of offers which must suit the taste of any Clay gentleman disposed to sport an atom, which we have subjoined.

THE BETS.

$500, that Andrew Jackson will receive the electoral votes of NEW-YORK at the coming presidential election;

$500, that he will receive the vote of Penn.
$500, " " " " " Ohio;
$500, " " " " " Kentucky;
$500, " " " " " Indiana;
$500, " " " " " Illinois;
$503, " " " " " Missouri;
$500, " " " " " Tennesee;

[If this state elects by general ticket, then the entire vote—if by districts, a majority;]

$500, " " " " " Alabama:
$500, " " " " " Mississippi
$500, " " " " " Lousiana;

$5000, that Andrew Jackson will receive a majority of votes in the Electoral Colleges.

The several sums to be taken together as one bet in the order proposed, and the bet to be void in case of the death of either party. The money or securities to be placed in the hands of trustees until the final result shall be made known.

☞ Its a sad thing to be a wit, and it is attended too, with dangerous consequences occasionally. A friend of ours was so delighted yesterday with reading the following witty paragraph in the Mercantile—that he laughed himself into an attack of the Cholera!—*Courier.*

"At the late fire in Baltimore, an eel, more than two feet in length, was forced by one of the suction engines from the dock, through two or three hundred feet of hose to the muzzle of the pipe. Through what a tremendous *bore* this eel must have passed! We have met in our day several *bores*, but none quite so lengthy, though long enough to wear our patience thread-bare."

A VALUABLE OPINION.—The first item of an estimate of the expense of a treaty with Turkey, made by Mr. Bradish, the agent of our government, is given in the following words:

To preserve Hamed Effendi's opinion the same as at present, $50,000

SHARKS.—The Boston Atlas says, that a pilot in rowing about the Graves in a small boat, in search of vessels concealed by the fog, found himself accompanied by a huge shark, whose fins cutting through the water along side, determined him to make a speedy retreat to terra firma. At this season of the year, sharks are very common in the outer harbor, and people, therefore, cannot be too careful in bathing from boats, which are making excursions of pleasure.

The large room in the Merchant's Exchange, has been recently painted, both walls and ceiling, in a very elegant manner. No large room that we have seen, has surpassed it in this respect. The work has been performed by Mr. Mauger, and is highly creditable to his professional skill and taste.

THE WORLD OF FASHION, (for May).—The borrower will please return it to our office.

"Once a captain always a captain" is an old maxim, and, says a contemporary, our national fondness for giving and continuing titles, both civil and military, has been the subject of much remark and merriment among foreigners. A Maine paper contains rather an *odd* instance of this propensity, in the shape of a notice, forbidding any person to deal with *Lieutenant* John Andrews, a *town pauper*." If he were in England he might *sell his commission*, and thus keep himself off the town.

EXECUTION.—The Charleston Patriot mentions that a *slave* named William, the *husband* and *property* of Mary Douglass, a *free colored* woman, was tried on the 4th ult. and executed on the 17th, for having wounded two white men.

The Boston Transcript says it does not understand this, and asks—"Can it be possible that the laws of South Carolina will permit a *free* colored woman to marry her own slave, and he not become free by the contract? Could this *free* woman have sold the *slave*, her husband? Or, having sold him, was he in the eyes of the law divorced from her, and at liberty to marry any other who might, perhaps, in like manner buy him to sell him again at her convenience?

Truly, the free colored women of South Carolina might be envied, by their white sisters, the extraordinary indulgence of the laws. We presume there must be a peculiar marriage ceremony used on such occasions, in which the *man* promises to 'obey' or kiss the whipping-post; and, instead of 'until death us do part,' the woman promises to keep the husband until she can sell him again for more than he cost, or she grows tired of her bargain."

CANINE SAGACITY.—Among the thousand instances of the profound sagacity of the dog which have been from time to time remarked, we remember nothing which surpasses the following, which is of recent occurrence:

A dog which had been kept several weeks at West Point, during which time his master was living at Cozzen's hotel at that place, was taken thence to Newburgh, and then accompanied his master about twenty miles into the interior, to the residence of a friend, where the owner left the dog in charge of a servant. On Wednesday of last week he was missed,—and after a fruitless search had been made for him he was given up as lost. His owner, in going up the river on Saturday, learned that his dog was at West Point; and it finally proved that he had found his way first to Newburgh, and hung about the hotel where his master had put up, until the boat *from* New-York made its appearance at the landing, but, discovering its direction, he declined embarking, and returned to his quarters. When the "down boat" arrived, he deliberately got on board and took his passage for Cozzen's hotel, where he landed and took up his quarters, and where he was found by his master.

THE WEATHER.—Nothing can be finer than the opening of September. Autumn has been ushered in with a warm sun and brilliant sky, and only that we now and then hear of a rapid case of the cholera, we should say our city never was as pleasant. The air surely never was more delightful,—the nights seem to court us to repose with their cool and balmy zephyrs, and mornings are clear and spirit stirring, giving to all lovers of vigorous health, the attractions of an early walk, and the bracing effects of a lively tramp on the Battery.

We recommend to all, early rising, and the habitual *snuffing* of the delightful breeze that visits us while "jocund day stands tip-toe on the misty mountain top." Nothing will more surely contribute to our health and give vigor to systems more or less effected by the baneful influence of the past summer. "Autumn in New York," has ever been the boast of our inhabitants and the theme of our poets—but never more than at the present time did it deserve the praises of grateful hearts, and our joyous participation in the blessings which it brings.

THE LATE ARRIVALS.

The packet ships Charlemagne, from Havre, and Columbia, from London, arrived at this port on Tuesday, having left their respective ports on the 1st of August.

They bring the intelligence of a decisive battle between the forces of the contending brothers in Portugal, in which the troops of Don Miguel were completely routed. His force is stated to have amounted to 12,500 men, while that of Don Pedro consisted of but 8,000 men. The victorious army had advanced from Oporto to Coimbra, and were on their full march to Lisbon, which it was supposed must fall into their hands by the 18th of August. Indeed, it was affirmed that Don Miguel did not hope to make any further effective resistance, but was already retreating upon Spain, with the intention of taking refuge in the dominions of his ally, Ferdinand VII.—Such is the complexion of the intelligence from Portugal, which, though not entirely official, appears entitled to credit.

The Duke de Reichstadt, son of Napoleon the Great, died on the 26th of July, at the palace of Schœnbrunn, Austria, at the age of twenty-one. His health has been long declining under the influence of a consumption, which has thus put an end to his life. The Emperor of Austria has ordered that his funeral be attended with the same ceremonies and honors as that of an Archduke.

The Cholera is declining, both in France and England. The deaths from Cholera in Paris on the 29th July were 34, and in England, exclusive of London, but 60.

Rumors were afloat respecting the reconstruction of the French ministry; but no hope was entertained of the Liberal or Republican party, of which La Fayette is the head, succeeding to power. It was affirmed that, even if the King should entrust them with the administration, they would not be able to command a majority in either branch of the legislature.

It is stated that the King of Holland has been favored with an official notification that if he does not ratify the protocol for the settlement of the affairs of Belgium immediately, he will be compelled to do so by the forces of France and England.

SARATOGA AND SCHENECTADY RAILROAD.—The receipts on this road during the last week were between *six and seven hundred dollars*. This, considering the very small number of strangers who have visited the Springs, is very handsome, and indicates with much certainty, the future prosperity of the road.—*Sentinel.*

DIVING BELL.—An article in the last number of Silliman's Journal furnishes an account of a descent in the diving bell at Portsmouth in 1805. Two Yankees there were bent upon plucking up a gondola laden with bar iron. They continued under water upwards of an hour at a time, and were often seventy feet below the surface. In a clear day they could read a course print at this depth. As they moved the pebbles at the bottom of the river, the fish rushed in, in great numbers, coming up like a flock of chickens to be fed.

NEW WATER-CRAFT.—A soldier belonging to Fort Independence (Boston harbor) deserted on Friday last, and was fallen in with by the schooner Ariel, between the Fort and Governor's Island, mounted upon a log, with a small bundle upon his back, and by means of his shoes, which he used for paddles, he was making his way for Governor's Island.

EXTRA COMPLIMENTARY.

There seems to be a singular propensity throughout the country to give our city the credit of sending from its "blest abode" all the sick and wretched and drunken vagabonds that are strolling through the land.

Of late, no poor devil dies suddenly in any country town but we see it announced in the succeeding village paper, Mr. so-and-so, *just from New-York*, was found dead in a horse-shed, or under the fence.

Every cholera case of course comes from New-York—every "state-prison bird" hails from New-York—and every sentenced wretch is a "recorded" New-Yorker. A late Boston paper, announcing the sentence of sixty prisoners by the Police Court of that city, with uplifted hands significantly adds—"Many of the wretched beings were from New-York." We no doubt have in our city a "quantum suff." of unregenerated mortals, and many an unfortunate may have been "sent abroad" by the cholera; but it passes our credulity to believe that every reckless, houseless, thieving vagabond in the land has the right to exclaim like the old Roman, "I am a *New-York* citizen."

The following is the *Address* written and spoken by Mr. Field, at the Richmond Hill Theatre, for the benefit of the widow and children of the late Mr. Woodhull:—

There is an hallowed feeling of the heart,
Too pure for language faithfully to tell:
A grief, whose tone a sigh can ne'er impart,
Or tear drop sparkling in its crystal;
A saddened charm that binds us in its thrall,
And wakes the softened bosom's holiest wires;
A silent eloquence—that utters all—
When holy virtue's mortal part expires;
'Tis o'er us now—a melancholy spell!
The melting heart, throbs speakingly—farewell!

From the sad confines of the silent grave,
Where lies the friend! no friendly aid could save—
His duty finished of CONSTRAINED mirth,
An actor comes—to speak a brother's worth!

To you, mid varying fortunes—fair and rude—
Thro' anxious years of ceaseless servitude,
The cheerful vassal'—tireless—wearless—
No toil too great, no task too servile—
The polished reader of the classic page!
Admired by glowing youth, and critic age!
To nature's closing hour! undaunted still,
His pride your favor—And his low your will!
To those who make to-night their aid appeal,
To hearts whose bounty speaks how well they feel,
The Husband—Father—dry the Widow's tear,
And shield the Orphans—if their Sire was dear.

To us who with him wov'd your crowning smile,
Who gloried in his worth, and shared his toil,
Who round the Bier bewailed his timeless end,
The loved Companion—the unswerving Friend!
To him whose trembling voice here mourns his fall,
The Friend—the Father—Brother—Tutor—all!

This monument is his!—'Tis ours to know
He lived beloved—He died without a foe
And crowding Bigots! Shrink—compelled to scan
In him—"God's noblest work—an honest man."

What sounds are these! this calm religious thrill!
Methinks his spirit hovers o'er us still—
A moment pausing in its radiant flight,
To smile upon your holy work to-night.
That angel smile! it plays around you now;
And o'er each eye's sweet light, illumes each brow—
Still let it shine and hallow every heart,
With pitying hand, avert care's threatened dart.
You will!—the eye that mourn his fortune rude,
Shed mingling tears of soul felt gratitude.

VISITORS.

During the entire week, our hotels and boarding-houses have been thronged with strangers. On Monday, one of our largest and best hotels was literally "jambed full." With such evidences of returning prosperity and business, our citizens will no longer despond, nor our friends in the country withhold from us the pleasure of giving them a warm and hearty welcome to New-York.

CANNIBALISM.—A bricklayer at Great Marlow, England, having been employed to *hang*, as it is technically termed, two coppers (large kettles) for the purpose of supplying the poor with soup, thus made out his bill—"To hanging 2 *coppers* to *make soup* for the poor."

Married at Long Parish, England, Rev. Edward Horne to Miss Woodcock:

"Music hath charms," the poet sung,
More potent than the wiliest tongue:
And late I saw, one blushy morn,
A WOODCOCK charmed by a HORNE."

The Poughkeepsie Whaling Company have purchased the ship Vermont, 300 tons burthen, which they will proceed immediately to fit out for a voyage to the Pacific Ocean.

A countryman, going into the Probate Office where the wills are kept in huge volumes on the shelves, asked if they were all *bibles*. "No, sir," replied one of the clerks, "they are testaments."

AMERICAN VULTURES.—Two of these birds, a male and female, arrived in this town on Monday last, in the ship Factolus, Capt. Wilson. They are a great curiosity—the largest, the male, measuring with the wing extended twelve feet, and weighs about 40 pounds. They prey when in their native mountains upon birds, lambs, kids, or even children.—*Marblehead Gazette.*

UNPRECEDENTED SPEED. The new steamboat Patrick Henry, built in Baltimore, to run between Norfolk and Richmond, is now in the line, and performed the distance (145 miles) last week, in 7 hours and 43 minutes, stoppages deducted.

OPPOSITION.—In Manayunk, Penn. two societies have recently been formed—a temperance society, and an anti-temperance club.

EXTRAORDINARY CONDUCT.—On Wednesday, as the ship Washington, from Liverpool, was coming up the bay, in tow of the steamboat Hercules, within about six miles of the narrows, and in sight of the Quarantine, she was pursued, and fired into by the Revenue Cutter Alert. The shot passed between the main and mizen masts, took off a part of one of the seamens' hats, and came near killing several persons, there being more than 100 of the crew and passengers on deck at the time. The ship is one of the largest class, about seven hundred tons burthen, and draws nearly nineteen feet water; she was compelled to heave too on a very narrow and dangerous passage—had she grounded, might have been lost; the vessel and cargo worth probably more than two hundred thousand dollars. The only object of bringing the ship too, was to obtain her manifest, which in a short time would have been handed to the Boarding Officer at the Quarantine. What reason can be given for thus hazarding the lives and property of our citizens, by those who ought to be their protectors, we do not know; but trust the matter will be investigated.—*D. Adv.*

THEATRICALS.

Among the many felicitous circumstances that should have a tendency to strengthen the bonds of mutual respect, and awaken a spirit of forbearance between us and our "mother country," are the warm welcomes and flattering appreciation of merit shown toward those talented individuals who yearly visit us in the character of English Actors. The signal success of Kean the elder—the flattering reception of Macready—the admiration and friendship bestowed on Wallack—the popularity of Clara Fisher—the "substantial honors" of Master Burke, with many other equally fortunate "ventures," conspire to assimilate the taste and engender a sympathy of feeling that will go far to produce a "renewal of love" between "the mother and her grown-up daughter."

This is as it should be; and he must have a cold heart and a limited range of generous impulses, who does not see in these things much to approve, and who does not partake of those nobler and more glorious feelings which every lover of his country, whether it be England or America, seems disposed to offer as a sacrifice on the altar of mutual concession.

These random remarks are elicited by the late arrival in our favored city of three—yea, four—of the brightest stars in the galaxy of England's boasted cluster of dramatic geniuses—Messrs. Wallack and Wilkinson, and Mr. and Miss Kemble.

THE PARK.

In our last notice of this Theatre, we touched on the reception of Mr. Wilkinson, and the chaste and quiet humor that characterizes his personification of the droll, and the comic. He has since appeared and fully justifies the anticipations which his successful debut had inspired.

On Monday Mr. WALLACK was announced to appear in the character of Rolla. The Theatre was crowded, and though few ladies were present to give a bright foreground to the audience, yet the character of the house gave flattering testimony of the taste of our city, and the excellence of the actors. Mr. Wallack is perhaps, more emphatically a favorite with us and the Bostonians than any other English tragedian of the present day. On Rolla's first appearing, he was received with the most vehement and rapturous plaudits—welcoming in the heartiest manner the return of of one, who had so often kindled their admiration and secured the friendship of our community.

Of Mr. W's Rolla we have little to say—all who have seen it must recollect it, and all who have not, have yet in store the pleasure of witnessing one of the most touching exhibitions of Mr. W's peculiar powers.

On Wednesday, was brought out for the first time at the Park "the Rent Day," a Comedy originally performed in London by Mr. W. as Martin Heywood, and illustrated by the inimitable pencil of Wilkie. The very name of this play gives no favorable prepossessions of its interest, and is so uncongenial with American feelings that we did not promise ourselves a very grateful treat in its exhibition. But "what's in a name?" We candidly confess we were never more entirely and happily disappointed. Mr. W.'s Martin Heywood is beyond all comparison the most affecting and perfect thing of the kind that has been exhibited on our boards for years. We will not attempt a delineation of the character, or the striking points of the personification; but we invite all admirers of the old English Drama and the simple pathos of nature to attend the next performance of the Rent Day. It will unquestionably become the favorite of the season; and if ever a play had a moral, *this* inculcates one that will be responded to by every friend of humanity.

The cast of the Rent Day could not have been more judicious. Mr. Clarke's "Old Crumbs" was a first-rate piece of acting, and was so appreciated. Our inimitable Placide was at home in "Bullfrog;" and Mrs. Sharpe, notwithstanding the disadvantage of a lame hand, rendered Rachel Heywood in a most touching and powerful manner. There was not enough made of "Silver Jack"—he should be represented rather in the style of a Paul Clifford than as a blackguard voluptuary, and highwayman. "Grantley" must really get a new coat, and assume a little more of the ease and flexibility of a well-bred man.

THE AMERICAN.

Mr. H. WALLACK, formerly attached to this house, and an old favorite, made his first appearance on Friday week, as Rolla, in the tragic play of Pizarro. His reception was most enthusiastic, and considering his long absence, was alike honorable to the object and to an enlightened community. His style is manifestly improved since last he trod our boards, and his able personation of this arduous character, drew down repeated plaudits from a crowded and intelligent auditory. Mr W.'s William, in the drama of Black-Eyed Susan, is unsurpassed, and never "were the characteristic beauties of the honest, brave, free-hearted Sailor, more finely depicted."

A Correspondent thus eulogises the performance of this nautical drama:—"As if by magic, was called forth the tear of sympathy—the latent spark of pity was revived—the kind feelings of the heart were overcome, and the gushing sympathies of the audience were aroused to action. Many were the eyes subdued to tears, and we have never witnessed a representation so impressive and forcible as was this. We have thought of it for hours since—we have dreamed of it—it has followed us in the closet and in the mart of business as tenaciously as an incubus, and in vain have been our efforts to shake it off."

During the present week several favorite pieces have been enacted at this house, in which Mrs. Hamblin, our friend the veteran Blanchard, G. Jones and others have won new laurels. On Saturday last, Wallack played Shylock, in the Merchant of Venice, and a correspondent avers "was well sustained throughout, by Mrs. Hamblin as Portia—Blanchard as Launcelet Gobbo, and G. Jones as Gratiano." He adds, "Jones has improved upon your suggestions—he plays with pathos and *makes love* with warmth and vigor."

Mr. Adams of the Traveller, thus cogitates of our theatricals:—

Both the Wallacks are in full blast—one at the Park, the other at the Bowery. The Bowery Wallack, usurping his brother's characters, has forestalled him in every attempt. What may this mean? Alone and unrivalled, we use the word correctly, he might hope for success—but in opposition to his brother, whose melo-dramatic walk has not been in our experience approached, it seems incomprehensible. We are lost in the exploration of comprehension—*a la Johnson.*

"Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud?"

In speaking of the AMERICAN, he says of Miss WARING,—"We hazard nothing in saying, that this young lady gives indication of eminence; we would not, however, say that she has attained it, but believe it to be within her reach. We are a little "*au fait*" to managerial arrangements, and therefore can form some idea of the power of public whim and managerial caprice, in advancing pretenders or retarding the deserving. Miss Waring must succeed. Mrs. HAMBLIN seems to partake of that spirit which declares "I am at home." Her acting has improved, and her pathos is, perhaps, at the present day unequalled. Of Mr. HAMBLIN we cannot speak, because he has not appeared, except to congratulate him, which we do most cordially, upon his confirmed convalescence. One word only, worthy manager—never let your bills show *yourself in your disting*uished characters. The public know that you are celebrated.—*Kemble* never did it. The Bowery, as it respects the Brigand, possesses a paramount advantage in the person of Mrs. BARRYMORE, as Maria Grazia, and Mr. Barrymore as stage manager."

RICHMOND HILL.

This Theatre has been open but one evening (Tuesday) during the past week, and then for the benefit of the widow and orphans of Mr. J. WOODHULL, whose sudden and unexpected decease on Saturday last is universally known and lamented. The address, written by Mr. Field and spoken by him on this occasion, strikes us as uncommonly appropriate, and, for a hasty production, as it must have been, even poetical. Did we not know how inadequate are the rewards which attend the cultivation of literary talent, except in the few instances where fortune deigns to smile on the adventurer, we might venture to predict for Mr. F. a more flattering success as a devotee of the Muses than as an aspirant for dramatic fame—but, as it is, we forbear.

Some little surprise was excited in our fashionable circles by the annunciation that Richmond Hill had been taken by Sig. Montresor for the performances of the Italian Troupe. But when it is considered that we have in our city no house, aside from the theatres; at all adapted to such performances, and that neither of the major theatres, though entertaining the most cordial good will towards the Operatic corps, could afford to surrender their houses at this time, unless for a heavy consideration, it must be admitted that the selection of the Richmond Hill is judicious, even though it be not in all respects the most eligible location. Of course, every exertion will be used to put the house in the best possible condition before the commencement of the Operatic campaign, which is to take place within the present month.

Mr. Barnes, who has been suffering so severely from sickness that his death was currently reported and believed on Sunday last, is, we are happy to say, fast regaining his health. We are not apprized of the course which he intends pursuing for the future, but shall not be surprised to learn that his experience, during the late most unpropitious of seasons, of the cares, the perplexities, and the disappointments, incidental to theatrical management, has been amply sufficient, and that hereafter he will resume his station as the prince of humorists on the boards of the Park.

TAGLIONI convinces the most fastidious critic that dancing is an art worthy to rank with poetry and painting—that motion can convey to the mind, not only the most beautiful and picturesque forms, but also the most enchanting fancies. No description of a sylph ever imagined by poet realizes the perfections presented by this wonderful artist.

MISS KELLY, under the immediate patronage of the Queen, and the special permission of the Duke of Devonshire, is going to give, for six nights only, a new and varied entertainment, consisting of songs and recitations, both serious and comic after the manner of the Comic Annual of Mr Matthews.

Two persons were playing cards in a barn, in Middletown, Dauphin county, on Saturday, when they quarrelled and fought concerning the stake, 12 1-2 cents, and one killed the other. The offender has been secured and lodged in the Harrisburgh jail. An inquest was held over the body of the deceased, whose name was Joseph Sandford, and a verdict of murder returned against the survivor.

A writer in the Gennesee Farmer, makes a statement, which, if correct, is a curious instance of the instinctive sagacity of birds. He had been for some years in the habit of keeping bees, and always observed, during a certain season of the year, that the king bird would be very busy among those industrious insects. To satisfy himself as to the cause, he killed a number of the birds, and on examination, found their *gizzards* filled with bees of the *drone* tribe; the others being left unmolested.

CUFFEE'S PEN.—We encountered a number of young leafers in Pearl street the other day, who were in custody of some managers of the House of Refuge, and were plentifully bedewing their tattered garments with the tears of their distress. Ignorant of the meaning of it, we inquired of a Sambo if he could explain; why, yes a massa—da be goin to de House of Ruffage.

QUAINTNESS.—The Rev. Lorenzo Dow advertises for sale in Richmond, a few copies of the "Chain of Reason, consisting of six links, two hooks and one swivel." Price 25 cents. This almost carries us back to the good old days

A DUCKING AT DUCK-SHOOTING.

The mud-land plains on the coast of Hampshire abound with wild ducks, which often tempt the fowlers to run great dangers. In order to prevent their sinking in the mud, they tie to their feet flat pieces of wood, with which they traverse more safely. A fowler thus equipped, and traversing the plain with great eagerness, suddenly found that the waters, which had rushed out with uncommon rapidity, owing to some peculiar circumstance of tide and current, had made an alarming progress around him. Encumbered as his feet were, he could not much exert himself; and to whatever part he ran, he found himself completely surrounded by the tide. In this dangerous situation, he retired to that part of the plain which seemed the highest, from its being yet uncovered by water; and striking the barrel of his gun (which for the purpose of shooting wild fowl was very long) deep into the mud, he determined to hold fast by it, as a support, as well as a security against the waves, and thus to await the ebbing of the tide. In the mean time the water, making a rapid advance, had now reached him. It covered the ground on which he stood; it rippled over his feet; it gained his knees, his waist; button after button disappeared, till at length it advanced over his very shoulders. With a palpitating heart he gave himself up for lost. Still, however, he held fast by his anchor. His eye was eagerly in search of some boat, which might accidentally take its course that way, but none appeared. A solitary head floating over the water, and that sometimes covered by a wave, was no object to be descried from the shore, at the distance of half a league; nor could he utter any sounds of distress that could be heard so far.

While he was thus reconciling himself to sudden destruction, his attention was called to a new object; he thought he saw the uppermost button of his coat beginning to appear. No mariner floating on a wreck could behold a cape at sea with greater transport than he did this button; but the fluctuation of the water was such, and the return of the tide so slow, that it was some time before he durst venture to assure himself that the button was fairly above the level of the flood.—At length, however, a second button appearing at intervals, his joy gave him spirits and resolution to support his situation four or five hours longer, till the water had fully retired, and he could walk home.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Seventeen years of foreign travel has not yet cured our distinguished countryman of a penchant to which he pleads guilty in the introduction to the Sketch Book, for peering into every nook and corner of the world. After rambling over the northern and eastern part of the Union, and seeing more of the country in the short time which has elapsed since his return than do the majority of people in the course of their lives, he has now left the track of civilization, and joining a North-western party, gone off among the Lake Superior Indians. What may not be expected from such a tour and such a traveller! Through the beautiful vales of Connecticut, along the rocky ridges of New-Hampshire, over the rich plains of western New-York, the prairies of Michigan, and now in the forests of "the far West," what renewed vigor and freshness will it give to a pen always delicate and flexile! The European world has long since complimented the deep-rooted patriotism of the author of the Life of Columbus, by asserting that, when he took his theme from his country, his literary efforts were always happiest; as if the sketches which illustrated her scenery or manners were "a labor of love" to him. May we not, then, now that he has renewed the associations of his youth, and added new and kindling ones to his prime, look forward with delight to many a literary treat yet to come?—"The foot of Macgregor once more on his native heath," he will move with a freer and a firmer tread; and his spirits, braced by his native air, wanton in many a gamesome humor.

Indian life is by no means altogether new to Mr. Irving; for when a youth of eighteen he once, among the tribe at St. Regis, went through the impressive rite of an Indian christening. His literary character, which was a safe passport to him through every country of Europe, will hardly be a protection in the wild land where he is now roving. Gentle Geoffrey! may thy Iroquois baptism avail thee, if in peril, from the tomahawk of the ferocious Winnebago! May the soul of thy chivalric Peter Stuyvesant watch over thee in thy daring emprize, and the ghosts of his doughty warriors hover near to succor thee in peril! But Black Hawk himself, infuriate as he is, must refrain his hand when thy guardian genius, the spirit of the departed Diedrick, shall whisper to him in his dreams that his brightest hope of immortality hangs upon thy present safety!

American.

Gallignani's Messenger of the 24th of July, thus notices the literary festival at the New-York City Hotel, given in honor of Washington Irving, L. L. D.:—

To the credit of our own time, the period appears to have passed away when a Homer would feel compelled to beg his bread through the city of his birth. Thus we have seen Moore in Dublin, and Scott in Edinburgh, receive at the hands of their fellow citizens honorable testimonies of affection, admiration, and gratitude. Stimulated, perhaps by these examples, our trans-atlantic brethren have, we find by the American journals, lately complimented by a public dinner, in New-York, their distinguished countrymen, Washington Irving, on his return to the United States from Europe, after an absence of seventeen years. For the details of the proceedings at this interesting banquet, we have not space; nor indeed, for little more than the mere announcement that, in his native city, the author of the Sketch Book experienced a welcome, honorable equally to the donors and the object of it.

HORRIBLE SCENE. A scene was exhibited near Butler's Falls, on the Delaware, a few days since, says the Orange Co. Patriot, the bare recital of which is enough to freeze the blood of the listener. A gentleman from that quarter gives the following particulars. We do not vouch for their correctness:—

A workman on the Canal (we did not learn his name) loaded his gun towards night, as he said, to shoot intruders upon the lock, and left it standing in a corner of his house. His wife, fearful of the consequences, during his temporary absence from home, removed the flint, and left the piece in the same situation. The husband, on his return late in the night, ordered his wife to bed, in company with a small boy; where she had lain but a short time, when he came into the room, and pointing the gun directly at her, snapped it, with the intention of lodging the contents in her body. The piece of course, missed fire. Discovering that the flint was removed, he seized a lighted candle, and holding it to the pan, succeeded in discharging it; but from the awkwardness of his position being unable to take aim, the charge missed the intended victim. The woman and boy then fled in opposite directions. The monster, foiled in the pursuit of his wife, pursued the boy, and overtook him on one of the locks of the Canal.—A slight scuffle ensued, when suddenly losing his hold of the lad, he fell over into the lock, and was instantly killed by the fall.

THREATENING.—One of our Boston Pilots, a few days since, in rowing about the Graves in a small boat in search of vessels concealed by the fog, found himself accompanied by a huge shark, whose fine cutting through the water along side, determined the said pilot to make a speedy retreat to *terra firma*. By the way, at this season of the year, sharks are very common in the outer harbor, and people, therefore cannot be too careful in bathing from boats, which are making excursions in the broad bay in the vicinity of the outer lighthouse.—*Boston D. Atlas.*

A good sort of a woman in Vermont who rigidly adhered to the Divines' Catechism, desirous of discovering to her friend the talents of her son, (a boy of some shrewdness) and his astonishing strength of memory, called him up, in the presence of a Col. Levi, to question him on the Catechism. "My son, (said the good woman) into what state did the fall bring mankind?" "Into the state of Vermont," answered the boy.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE. At a meeting of a respectable number of the graduates of Dartmouth College, holden in the hotel in Hanover, on the day following commencement—the Hon. Philip Carrigain in the chair, and Ira Perley, Esq. secretary—measures were taken to carry into more full effect the plan of a former year, respecting an Association of the Alumni of the Institution. The Hon. Daniel Webster was appointed President, and the Rev. Ebenezer Porter, D. D., and Mills Olcott, Esq. Vice Presidents. A committee of three, consisting of Professors Heydock and Mussey, and Ira Perley, Esq. was appointed to mature and bring forward at a future meeting, suitable rules and regulations for the government of the Association—to invite the President to give the first Address before the Associated Alumni—and in case of his declining, to appoint a substitute. We congratulate the College and its friends upon this organization, and upon the hopes entertained that the Hon. Mr. Webster will favor his Alma Mater with his presence, and the performance of the part assigned him, at the next anniversary.

Police Intelligence.

PHILADELPHIA.

"Bless my heart," said Leonard Blurte, as he sat on the steps of a house with a friend, who was endeavoring to get him home. "Bless my heart, how strangely inattentive the guardians of the night are. I have not seen one to protect us in case of mishap."

"You could'nt see a hole in a forty-foot ladder," said his friend. "Leonard, you are very, very—I am ashamed of you."

"That's very, very kind of you, my boy. I don't want your shame. I'm shameful enough myself. But where's the watch—Watch! Watch!"

"Silence. What's the matter?" said the watchman.

"Aha! Jump sharp like a lamplighter. Never dose on your post."

"What do you want with the watch."

"Hush! it's a secret. I'll tell you some other time."

The friend here interposed and mollified the Charley, who after giving Leonard a little advice, went on his way. He had not gone far, however, when Leonard roared again for the watch.

"I must insist on silence."

"Bravo! Charley on the spot. You're no cake—no dough boy, my friend, and I'll remember you in my will. I *will* that—c-o-o-o-k!"

"What do you mean by c-o-o-o-k!"

"It's a note of admiration, and signifies the perpetration of a pun. Are there any more Charlies in call? Let's see—Watch! watch! watch!"

"Shut up!—silence!—button your lip!—you're my prisoner. Come along—you want to impose on my good nature, you thunder-pump!"

"I'll go, merely to investigate how you carry on the war at the watch-house, and to find your good nature, for I've not seen it yet. Do you put it on with your go-to-meeting coat, Charley?"

"Dont fling your skits at the law, Mister—man—what's your name?"

"That's right—you're right—my name is Mister Man and my wife is Mistress Woman. Your's I presume is Charles Rattletrap, Quiz'em Bob.—Hay! old thing a-maree?"

"I'm the law now. Never mind my name."

"Law! you don't say so, Mr. Law. A saint in crape is twice a saint in law—n. C-o-o-o-k!"

"Cook! yes it is cook—you're in a kettle of fish—you're done brown—you're dished—and now I'll serve you up, for here is the watch-house."

"Beautiful! quite a love of a place! This is where you gentlemen of the rattle hang out. No wonder your's so polite."

"Will you walk up, sir, or shall I carry you?"

"You are too ingreeable; but it's getting late and I'll not intrude. I'll call again. I'll bring my work, take off my things, and spend the evening with you, shortly."

"No you don't! up with you, right off the reel."

"Say nothing personal, Mr. What-d'ye-callum. Reel! That's an insinuation. No, I'll not go up—I *reel*-ly cant. C-o-o-o-k!"

The watchman's patience now became quite exhausted. He seized the recusant and lugged him up the steps. The friend, who had patiently awaited the result, disappeared in search of bail. Leonard was fined for his frolic, and promised reformation. *Philadelphian.*

Moral. People should keep sober.

Yesterday Jemmy Smith made his seventh appearance this season, at the Mayor's office, in the character of a vagrant. As soon as the Mayor took his seat, Jemmy rose, and with the unaffected indignation of an oppressed freeman, conscious of his rights, and resolved to assert them, thus began:

"If your Honor has'nt nothen better for to do, I'll just thank you for to riglate these here watchmun of yous better nor to interfere with me artur this—I find you've no right to take me up, an am not goen to be imposed on no longer."

Mayor. Why Jemmy, you are drunk yet. I think you have been here often enough to know that the law gives me a right to punish you for intemperance.

Jemmy. First and foremost if I'm drunk that's my concern—and as to the law, d—n the law—no Honor may understand the law so, I'm told that I'm not obliged to mind the law as you and your court understands it, but just as I please to understand it myself. That's what the General says, God bless him, and I speckt he knows the law a leetle better nor a mare nor a horse either—an to my fancy its clean 'ginst the constitution and nat'ral equality, an oduous, to hindur a poor man from gettin drunk if he's so minded. Now I should jist like to know what your office's worth, if you say your soul's your own, if the Gen. says it is'nt. May I ax you a civil question, is'nt old hickory right?

Mayor. Jemmy you must pay a fine of sixty seven cents or go to jail for twenty-four hours.

Poor Jemmy went! *Ib.*

BOSTON.

THURSDAY. *Elizabeth M'Garvey* was brought before his Honor Justice Whitman, under the protection of Mr. Constable Morse, who, with the suavity of manner, for which he is so eminently distinguished, informed the Judge that he found Mrs. Elizabeth—(who in the devil asked you to look after me, said the defendant,)—asleep on a wheelbarrow, (and it was a very comfortable place, yer honor,)—she was as drunk as a sow,—(bad luck to you for that indacent word,)—and made considerable resistance—(faith, I did, yer honor.) It was with difficulty that I could carry her—(a wheelbarrow is a hard carriage, yer honor,)—to the jail. She is the wife—(aye, a good and faithful wife too)—of Michael M'Garvey, who was sentenced—(and bad luck to ye for it,)—to the House of Correction for being a common drunkard,—(yer honor, he occasionally takes a drop, but if he should hear that ugly mug call him so.)

Judge. Hold your tongue, and be silent,—(he'd knock both of those)—*Clerk.* Gracious heavens, Mr. Reed, keep that—(ugly eyes into)—woman be still—(one.) While the Court was looking for the sentence of her husband, Elizabeth very deliberately left the room. The constable with some difficulty brought her back, and the Judge sentenced her to the House of Correction for eight days.

Five vagrants were also sentenced to the House of Correction for various periods. They were all from New-York, and informed the Court that they had left the city to avoid the cholera.

A lad named Perry, was fined for making a disturbance at the Warren Theatre. This is the fifth complaint which we have had occasion to mention since the opening of this Theatre, and we are happy to see that the Manager is determined to prevent any thing like disorderly conduct in his establishment.—*Boston Atlas.*

DESPERATE FOX-CHASE.

"A chosen few alone the sport enjoy,
Nor sink beneath the drooping foil."
SOMERVILLE.

On the 4th of December, 18—, Col. Eyres' fox hounds had a remarkable run of an hour and 50 minutes, during which time, they traversed 28 miles of the fairest portion of the district of Lower Ormond, in Ireland. "I was on the earth," says one of the party, in a spirited narrative of the day's sport, "a little after eight. It was rising ground; and as the dawn broke, it was cheering to behold the fox-hunters faithfully approaching from different directions, and as they all closed to the point of destination, the pack, 'in all its beauty's pride,' appeared on the brow of the hill.

"——'O what a charming scene!
When all around was gay: man, horses, dogs;
And in each cheerful countenance was seen,
Fresh blooming health and never-fading joy.

"The taking his drag from the earth, was brilliant beyond common fortune. Like a train, which runs off in a blaze, they hardly touched it, till they were out of sight. *Madman*, that unerring finder, proclaimed the joyful tidings; each fox-hound gave credit to the welcome information, and they went away in a crash. It was a perfect tumult in Mr. Neustad's garden; there Reynard was found, and he went off at his brush.

"'Where are your disappointments, wrongs,
Vexations, sickness, cares? All, all are fled,
And, with the panting winds, lag far behind.'

"In skirting a small covert, in the first mile, we divided on a fresh fox; it was a moment of importance, nothing but prompt, vigorous, and general exertion, could repair the misfortune; it was decisive, and he now faced the commons of Carney. Broad and deep was the hound's drain but what can stop fox-hunters? The line had been maintained by five couple of hounds; they crossed the road, and finding themselves on the extensive sod of the common, they began to go 'the pace.' A scene now presented itself, which nothing but a fox-hunter could appreciate, for its beauty was not discernible to the common and inexperienced eye. At this period the chase became a complete split. The hounds, which had changed and had now, from different directions, gained the commons, could not venture to run in on the five couple without decidedly losing ground, and to maintain it, instinct directed them to run on credit, and, flanking the five couple, the whole pack formed a chain of upwards of 200 yards in breast across the commons: but as the chase varied through the hollows and windings of this beautiful surface, the hounds on the wings in turn took up the line, and maintained their stations as others had done; so well was this pack matched. Here we crossed walls that on common occasions would have been serious obstacles. The second huntsman, on a young horse, following Lord Rossmore, called out, 'What's at the other side my lord?' 'I am, thank God,' was the answer. In disappearing from the commons of Carney, the pack was hunting so greedily, that you'd think every dog was hitting. Like an arrow, he now passed along by Carrig-a-gown, for the woods of Peterfield, in the teeth of the most desperate storm I ever witnessed, of rain, hail, and wind! Distress was now evident in the field, for notwithstanding the violence of the gale, 'the pace' was still maintained, and as the fox-hounds approached the covert, I thought they had got wings. This was the most desperate part of the chase—to choose a leap, was to be thrown out—the rain beat violently—with difficulty we could hold our bridles—the boughs gave way to the storm—the light infantry were flying at him, and the crash was dreadful. The earths in the neighborhood of Peterfield were open, but reynard scorned the advantage, and gallantly broke amain; he now made for the river Shannon.

'Where will the chase lead us bewildered?'

"Some object afterwards changed his direction, and away with him to Claprior. He crossed the great drain of the lough, and here we left young Burton Perse sticking, (who had come 'all the way from Gal-a-way,' to enjoy a regular cold bath) he went down tail foremost, 'and no blame to him.' There was no time for ceremony; but Tony, who knew the depth of the bath well, took his leave of him, roaring out, 'I'll never see your sweet face again.' 'By G—,' says the colonel, 'you were never more mistaken; I never saw him more regularly at home; he's used to this man!' and truth requires me to state that he joined us again, and before and after the bath, he rode a capital pace. And many was the mile we had still to go, for Reynard seemed little to regard us; and holding his head straight, he crossed like lightning by the old castle of Arcrony, famous in the annals of hunting, and all over its beautiful grounds, and over the great hound's drain into Coolaghoran again, for poor Reynard had cast a forlorn look towards home at last. There was now a disposition to give him his life; what could we do? Old Winner was at his brush—his majesty's guards could not have saved him!

"In running in, Messrs Fitzgibbon and H. Westenra took a most sporting leap. A gentleman of jockey weight, but who rode well through the chase, wishing no doubt to show us the length of his neck, 'craned at it,' swore it was the ugliest place in Europe, and that a flock of sheep might be regularly hid in it. There was a very numerous field at finding. George Jackson rode, as usual, with the hounds; as did Lord Rossmore, Col. Eyre, Messrs. Fitzgibbon, Henry Westenra, Richard Faulkner, and Burton Perse.

"Thus ended the most desperate fox-chase ever recorded; desperate from its length, desperate from the pace kept up, and desperate from the storm that raged for nearly the last hour, and in the very teeth of which Reynard ran; with the exception of one short check, the chase was maintained with fury throughout.

"There have been longer chases, but no fox was ever killed in such style; it was a view halloo for the last two miles."

FOX-HUNTING ENTHUSIASM.

In a fox-chase in Ireland, by the Boyne hounds, in 1810, Reynard being severely pressed, "mounted the high and craggy rocks which overhung the ocean, and gallantly plunged into the waves beneath; the hounds caught the view, and rushed after him; the sportsmen now approached, enveloped in smoke, their horses covered with foam—Never was there seen more determined and desperate riding they moved like a whirlwind; the enthusiasm of hunting had reached its highest pitch; a noble struggle for precedency commenced to save the fox. Lynch, the hunstman who first arrived, dashed from the precipice into the sea; like an electric shock, the impulse seized the hunters as they came up; quick—quick they followed his example." The fox was rescued, and every sportsman safely gained the shore. Thus ended a sharp chase of eighteen miles, which was run in an hour and eighteen minutes.

FAIR PLAY.—A fox being hard run in the neighborhood of Imber, in Wiltshire, took shelter under the covering of a well, and by the endeavors used to extricate him from thence, he was precipitated to the bottom, a depth of one hundred feet. The buck t was let down; Reynard laid hold of it, and was drawn up some part of the way, when he again fell. The bucket was then let down a second time, when he secured his situation in it, and was drawn up safe. He was afterwards turned off, and fairly beat the hounds.

SQUIRREL HUNT.—In 1820, a squirrel hunt took place at Lima, in the county of Ontario, N. Y., which lasted forty days and a half. There were forty persons on a side, and on the game being counted, it amounted to thirteen thousand four hundred and seventy-two black squirrels.

Mr. Osbaldestone is said to have never lost a match of any kind in his life—he is above fifty years of age.

A LONG RUN.—The most remarkable instance of the undeviating perseverance of a fox hound on record, occurred in Scotland in 1808, near Dunkeld. On the 8th of June, a fox and a hound were seen on the high road proceeding at a slow trotting pace. A countryman very easily caught the fox by running, and both the fox and the dog were taken to a gentleman's house in the neighborhood, where the fox died. It was afterwards ascertained that the hound belonged to the Duke of Gordon, and that the fox was started on the morning of the king's birth-day, on the top of the hills called Monaliadh, which separates Badenoch from Fort Augustus. From this it appeared that the chase lasted four days, and that the distance travelled from the place where the fox was unkennelled, to the spot where it was caught, without making any allowance for doubles or crosses, and as the crow flies, exceeded seventy miles.

CLERICAL FOX-HUNTERS.—The most striking thing in the whole business, to German eyes, is the sight of the black-coated parsons, flying over hedge and ditch. I am told they often go to church ready booted and spurred, with the hunting-whip in their hands, throw on the surplice, marry, christen, or bury, with all conceivable velocity, jump on their horses at the church door, and off—tally ho! They told me of a famous clerical fox-hunter, who always carried a tame fox in his pocket, that, if they did not happen to find one, they might be sure of a run. The animal was so well trained that he amused the hounds for a time, and when he was tired of running, took refuge in his inviolable retreat—which was no other than the alter of the parish church. There was a hole broken for him in the church wall, and a comfortable bed made under the steps. This is right English religion.—*Tour of a German Prince.*

MARKSMEN.—Of the precision with which the Americans manage the rifle, Priest, in his Travels in America, gives the following account, which it must be confessed partakes of the marvellous. He says, "during the late war, in 1775, a company of riflemen, formed from the Backwoodsmen of Virginia, was quartered at Lancaster, in New England, for some time. Two of them alternately held a board only nine inches square, between his knees, while his comrade fired a ball through it, from a distance of one hundred paces! the board is still preserved; and I am assured by several who were present, that it was performed without any manner of deception."

In October, 1812, James Westwick, the keeper of Sir Henry Vane Tempest, being in the gunroom at Wynyard, Durham, a hare was observed from the window, at a considerable distance, which, by the particular desire of Sir Henry, the keeper shot at, and killed with a ball, at a distance of 155 yards.

BOXING EXTRAORDINARY.—BIRD vs. MAN.

The Cincinnati Chronicle tells a *long tough yarn*, as a matter-of-fact story, about a desperate rencontre which took place recently on the river Hatchee, in Tennessee, between a man six feet high, weighing 180 lbs. and armed with a shoe knife, and a feathered monster; and the man was most *tarnally licked* in the first encounter. The bird, a great white, bald-headed, feather-rumped, 10 inch billed, 9 feet winged, 8 feet legged, large thighed, turkey-footed, jackass braying songster, commencing a furious assault, with beak, wings, and claws, upon the poor biped, and fairly forced him "to save his bacon" by flight. Our hero after taking breath, prepared two cudgels, and screwing up his courage to the sticking point, again rushed to the battle, where fighting against fearful odds until a very coarse shirt was literally whipt from his back, he at last succeeded in throttling this king of boxing birds, and actually *gnawed his windpipe in two*, before he felt quite sure the *ugly baste* would not "fight his battles o'er!" The Chronicle further informs us, that the body and face of the man were examined two months after the battle, by a respectable physician, who asserts "that the wounds strongly corroborate the story;" and adds, "the bird was undoubtedly the Whooping Crane." Our devil, artless boy that he is, thinks it must have been a dreadful *winged Dragon!*—*Ohio Atlas.*

SPORTS OF THE TURF.

We learn from the Montreal Gazette of the 1st inst., that the celebrated race horse, *Durock*, who last fall challenged any horse in Canada for £400 has arrived at the St. Pierre Race Course from Upper Canada. SLEEPY JOHN, and several other horses, are also in training to run at the ensuing races, which take place on the Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday of the ensuing week.

LANCASTER RACES.—We learn with regret that the Racing Club at Lancaster, Pa. is in danger of being dissolved at the close of the approaching Fall Races. Such an event would evince a want of enterprize and liberality among the breeders of horses in Lancaster county which is by no means creditable to so wealthy and prosperous a section of our country.

RIDING AND DRIVING.—In 1810, Mr. Western, of Moorfields, undertook to drive his horse, Scorpion, one hundred miles in twelve successive hours, and which he accomplished twenty-eight minutes and a half before the time. The same distance was done in eleven hours and a half, by a black mare, the property of Mr. Hunt, of Colchester, who was precluded the use of the whip; which, however, the noble animal never required.

In December, 1819, Mr. Milton engaged that he would ride from London to Stamford, a distance of ninety miles, in five hours. He started at eight o'clock in the morning, amidst a violent shower of rain; and in the course of the first hour, went twenty-three miles. When he was about forty miles from town he was disappointed in not finding a horse, and was obliged to continue for some miles longer on the one he then rode. He, however, accomplished his task, and arrived at Stamford twenty-five minutes past twelve o'clock; thus winning his wager by thirty-five minutes.

In 1811, Mr. Seward undertook for a wager of five hundred guineas, to drive four-in-hand fifteen miles in fifty minutes. At six o'clock in the morning he started from Hyde-park corner, to the fifteen mile stone near Staines. He performed the distance in fifty-three minutes and twenty seconds, and lost the match.

In the summer of 1800, a mare belonging to Mr. Wilson, the livery man, performed a task unprecedented in the sporting calendar. The owner of the mare backed her for a wager of 200 guineas, to go fifty miles in three hours and a half, this being at the rate of nearly fifteen miles an hour. The animal went off in high condition on the Woodford Road, and went above fifteen miles within an hour at a steady trot, and continued to do the same in the next two hours—the difficulty in the performance was to execute the last five miles in the half hour, which was nevertheless done in four minutes less than the given time; betting was seven to four and two to one against the mare.

Miss Pond, who has been frequently spoken of as riding a thousand miles in a thousand hours at Newmarket in 1753, did it under circumstances far from difficult. She was a relative of the publisher of the Sporting Calendar, in Oxendon street, and she was backed by the Duke of Queensberry, then Lord March. She was allowed to do the thousand miles on as many horses as she chose, without regarding time, and she did the match in twenty-eight days, and two thirds of the time on one favorite horse. The lady took her rest regularly at night, and rode in the day-time forty or fifty miles.

RIDING PERPENDICULAR.—A curious and hazardous performance took place at Dover in 1812, for a trifling wager, by a gentleman of the neighborhood. There is a shaft excavated in Dover, from Snargate-street to the heights, comprising one hundred and forty steps, nearly perpendicular, and much resembling those in the Monument of London; the gentleman's servant first led his master's horse up to the steps of the shaft, and to the astonishment of every person who followed him, he then led the animal to the bottom; after this, the gentleman mounted, and arrived safe at the top of the shaft, in nearly a trot, by which he won the wager.

TALLY HO!

The *notes* of hounds have a powerful influence on any horse that has been accustomed to follow the chase. An instance of this occurred in 1807, when the Liverpool mail was changing horses at the inn at Monk's Heath, between Congleton and Newcastle under Line. The horses which had performed the stage were taken off and separated, when Sir Peter Warburton's fox hounds were heard in fullery. The horses immediately started after them, with their harness on, and followed the chase until the last. One of them, a blood mare, kept the track with the whipper in, and gallantly followed him for about two hours, over every leap he took, until Reynard ran to earth in a neighboring plantation. These spirited horses were led back to the inn at Monk's Heath, and performed their stage back to Congleton, on the same evening.

THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.—One of the most celebrated sporting characters of the last age, was the Duke of Queensberry. He frequently rode his horses himself, and was generally successful in the race. The duke did not, however, confine his love of pastime to ordinary horse racing, but executed schemes of expedition till then considered impracticable. He once bet a considerable wager that he would convey a letter fifty miles within an hour, without the aid of horses, carrier-pigeons, &c.; and this he effected by having it enclosed in a cricket ball, which twenty-four expert cricketers transferred to each other; by which means the ball passed more than fifty miles within the given time.

The duke (then Earl of March) made a bet with Count O'Tafe, that he would cause a carriage with four horses to be drawn a distance of nineteen miles in sixty minutes. As much depended on the lightness of the machine, Lord March caused an ingenious coach-maker to construct a vehicle for the purpose, in which he exhausted all the resources of his art to diminish the weight and friction as much as possible, and silk is said to have been used for the harness instead of leather. Four blood horses of approved speed were trained for some time, and two grooms of small weight and approved skill provided to manage them. The course at Newmarket was fixed for deciding this singular match, which took place on the 29th of August, 1750. The novelty of the project attracted an immense concourse of people, and bets to the amount of many thousands of pounds were depending. The postillions mounted, and the carriage constructed partly of wood and of whalebone, was hurried along with unrivalled velocity, and darted within the appointed time to the winning post.

ANGLING.

SYLVESTER, in his last Reporter, remarks:—"to those who are fond of this sport, we can from personal experience recommend MCOMB'S DAM," as being the best place for fishing in the vicinity of New-York. It is situated on the Harlaem River, about eight miles from the City Hall, at the extremity of the Eighth Avenue. There is a snug little Cottage, kept as a house of entertainment, *on the other side of the Dam*, at the toll-gate house; *no toll*, however, is charged to those who visit it on such excursions, and fishing tackle and bait may be found on the spot. The landlord appears to be a very obliging man and his accommodations for parties of pleasure both ample and economical. The pleasantest way to get there is to take the Third Avenue until you get to "Walker's Pavilion" at Yorkville, after taking a cool glass of Brandy and Water there, you jump into your buggy or wagon, as the case may be, light your Cigar, and by the time you have puffed it out you are at your journey's end."

FOREIGN SELECTIONS.

SIR THOMAS MORE.—In his Utopia, he observes: "My father compared a man choosing a wife, to one who dipped his hand into a bag which contained twenty snakes and one eel—"*It was twenty to one he caught the eie.*"

Cardinal Woolsey once said to him: "By the mass, thou art the veriest fool of all the Council." At which Sir Thomas, smiling, said: "God be thanked that the King, our master, hath but one fool in all his Council."

Whilst presiding in Chancery, he disposed of every case on the docket, which gave rise to the following epigram:

When More some time had Chancellor been,
No More suits did remain:
The same shall never More be seen
'Til More be there again.

Upon ascending the scaffold on which he was beheaded, he found it so weak, that it was ready to fall, upon which he said to the Lieutenant: "I pray see me up safe, and for my coming down let me shift for myself."

AN OBEDIENT HUSBAND.—When Alderman Gill died, his wife ordered the undertaker to inform the Court of Aldermen of the event, which he did by writing as follows:—"I am directed to inform the Court of Aldermen that Mr. Gill died last night by order of Mrs. Gill."

From the Metropolitan.

THE APPLE.

SUGGESTED BY SOME VERSES OF DANCHET.

'Twas hard I confess upon Paris and Adam,
That each for an apple should suffer such ill;
But beauties like Venus and Eve, my dear Madam,
Can do with our destinies just as they will.
Could Paris and Adam thy loveliness see,
Still more, if those victims of beauty but knew thee,
The one would again take the apple from thee,
And the other again, at all risks give it to thee.

T. MOORE.

CHARACTER OF A GENTLEMAN. A lawyer, at a circuit town, in Ireland, dropped a £10 note under the table, while playing cards, at the inn. He did not discover his loss until he was going to bed, but then returned immediately. On reaching the room, he was met by the waiter, who said, "I know what you want, sir, you have lost something." "Yes I have lost a ten pound note." "Well, sir, I have found it, and here it is."—"Thanks, my good lad, here's a sovereign for you." "No sir, I want no reward for being honest;" but, looking at him with a knowing grin—"was'nt it lucky none of the gentlemen found it."

Athenæum.

LORD BYRON.—We are much pleased to hear that Byron's famous letter to the editor of Blackwood's Magazine, which was thought to have been lost for ever, has cast up at length. It is a defence of Don Juan, and will therefore form an appropriate appendix to that extraordinary production:—a splendid dedication of which, to the poet Laureate, has also been recently discovered; and will, no doubt, grace the same volume of series.

M. Phillippon, responsible editor of the Caricature, was condemned yesterday by the court of Assizes to six months imprisonment and a fine of 1,000fr. for the insertion in that journal of an article tending to excite hatred against the King's Government.

William Fletcher, the faithful valet of Lord Byron for twenty years, (during which he says his Lord was more to him than a father,) who received the *Pilgrim's* last words at Missolonghi, and did not quit his remains until he had seen them deposited in the family vault at Huchnell, now keeps an Italians ware-house in Charles st. Berkeley square, and is there celebrated among the Nobility for the fine quality of his macaroni

CREMONA VIOLINS.—T[illegible] those who are connoisseurs [illegible] musical instruments, [illegible] will be fully understood. The violins made [illegible] Cremona about the year 1690, are superior [illegible] none to any of a later date, age seeming to dispose them of their noble sympathetic qualities, and leaving nothing but the pure tone. If a modern violin played by the side of one of these instruments, will appear much the louder of the two, but exceeding 100 paces, when compared with the *Cremonati*, it will be scarcely heard.

CONUNDRUMS FOR THE PEOPLE, *or the plain Why and Because of the New Sporting Magazine.*—Why [illegible] misfortunes like double teeth?—Because they never come single.—Why may Good Friday be called a contradiction in terms?—Because it's a most bareable fast.—Why is a deceitful man like a William and Mary half-crown?—Because he carries two faces.—Which is the properest day to be married on?—Wednesday. Which of Sir Walter Scott's heroines most resembles a goose?—The Lady of the Lake.

A Captain of a vessel [illegible] profession a Quaker, being insulted by one of [illegible] crew, said, Friend! I will not strike thee or kick thee, but (holding a log over his head) I will [illegible] this billet of wood fall on thee!—and then let the log fall on his head, which knocked him into the scuppers. *Now friend*, if thou art content, go unto thy duty, or peradventure the billet may befall thee again.

TROTTING COURSE,

MOUNT VERNON, NEAR NEW-YORK CITY.

THE public are respectfully informed that a PURSE will be trotted for over this course on the 13TH OF SEPTEMBER next, to commence at 5 o'clock every week thereafter, on THURSDAYS, until the [illegible] notice is given to the contrary in the "Spirit of the Times and Life in New-York." The Course remains open for Private Matches and for training; and sporting gentlemen are respectfully invited to avail themselves of the advantages which it offers.

WILLIAM OLIVER, Proprietor.

Sept. 8, 1832.

LITHOGRAPHY.

ENDICOTT & SCHETT, Lithographers, Publishers and Printsellers, No. 111 Nassau street.

Orders for original designs and drawings, or copies of Portraits, Landscapes, Views of Buildings, Portraits from life of Horses, Dogs, and other animals.

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A general assortment of colored and plain Lithographic Prints constantly on hand.

Neither trouble or expense has been spared to render our establishment complete, and we shall take pleasure at all times in shewing specimens of our *own work*.

New York, Sept. 1st 1832.

TO DENTISTS.

GOLD, Silver, Plate, and Tin Foils of superior quality, warranted, are offered to the Dentists at the lowest prices, at the manufactory, No. 67 Watts street, by

s1 GEORGE S. WAITE.

PRINTS & STATIONERY.

TO PRINT DEALERS AND OTHERS.

CHEAP Fancy articles constantly to be had at ARMSTRONG'S, 205 Division street. A variety of English Landscapes and Scraps, on hand. Also, Songs, Dixon's Drolleries, Devil on Two Sticks, Shakspear's works, &c. &c.

Fine Lithographic Heads.

Louis Philip, General Lafayette, Don Pedro and other well known persons, may be had colored in a superior style. All the different Presidents of the U. S., from General Washington to Jackson. Also, Henry Clay, Wm. Wirt, &c.

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s1 NEW YORK.

TO SPORTSMEN.

To all Sportsmen feeling interested in the superiority and fleetness of the Blood Horse.

GENTLEMEN,—We, the proprietors of a Horse called SWEET BRIER, bred in Madison County, sired by the famous horse Moonshine, bred by Gen. Coles, Long Island, his dam by the well known Imported horse old Magnum Bonum, his color a bright bay, full sixteen hands high, five years old, his form and figure rarely equalled in the blood horse; his lofty air, and superior action are unexcellable, his stock is of the highest grade, which alone would rank him a blazing star among his competitors; but these are not all the qualifications with which this wonderful animal is possessed. We have abundant confidence that his gallantry and bottom cannot be overtaken in a single quarter by any horse on the Continent. The sincerity of this opinion we pledge ourselves to support within the bounds of our property.

This noble animal we now offer for sale for the sum of $3000, warranted to outrun any horse that can be produced, or no sale. The proprietors also pledge themselves to hazard five hundred dollars for testing his speed, 80 rods, against any horse, mare, or gelding in the known world, carrying 142 lbs or Catch riders, after having due notice. The contest for Sweet Briar on the Sullivan course is to be a free race course in Madison County.

GEORGE EHLE.
JACOB LOWER.

Chittenango, Madison Co., N. Y. Aug. 20, 1832.

N. B. Sweet Brier, like Alexander the Great, stamps the cat, in rage, neighing for a Competitor. 37—8w

ANTI-CHOLERA PLASTER.

(CERTIFICATE.)

"Messrs. L. MORAN & DAVIS;

"*Gentlemen*—The virtues of your Gum Plaster, as an effectual promoter of perspiration, have been long known to me. It appears peculiarly adapted to be of great service at the present period, when the Cholera is raging; one of the prominent effects of which is to interrupt, if not wholly to suspend the salutary functions of the skin. It supplies in most cases the use of the warm bath, where this expedient cannot be had recourse to; it is an excellent substitute for flannel, and it is in my opinion preferable to the use of irritating plasters, answering all their good effects, and being both more gentle and agreeable in its operation. It should be so worn as to surround the chest and stomach pretty generally, and be occasionally changed. It will prove essentially serviceable to those who are about changing their residence from the country to the city, and vice versa, as it preserves an equable temperature on the surface, so apt to be impaired by variations of atmospheric locality.

Yours truly,

DANIEL L. M. PEIXOTTO, M. D.
President of the Medical Society.

New-York Aug. 1, 1832.

"I concur in the above opinion.

FRANCIS E. BERGER, M. D.

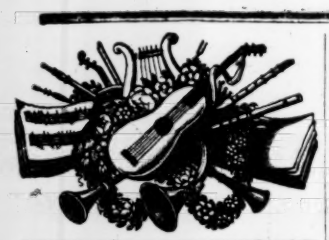
"I have been in the habit of using the Gum Plaster for years, in medical and surgical cases, and believe it a valuable auxiliary to the healing art.

VALENTINE MOTT, M. D.

Aug. 9, 1832.

MEDICATED OIL SILK.

NEW-York, August 23



The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of ourown but the thread that ties them."

EPITAPH ON A PUGILIST.

An ingenious "chum of the fancy" (says Fraser's Magazine) has obliged us with the following slang sonnet, which we will thank Pierce Egan, Frosty-faced Fogo, or the laureate of Bell's Life in London, to surpass, if they are able:

TO THE LATE JACK RANDALL.

A better boxer never stripped than thou,
Unconquered Randall! Therefore let us fix
A crown of laurel on thy manly brow.
In stature thou wert only five feet six,
In weight but ten stone four—yet thou didst beat,
By dint of "bottom" good, and matchless "pluck,"
Far bigger men, and lay them at thy feet.
Thou didst not owe thy victories to good luck,
But to thy "bunch of fives," whose famed 'one, two,'
Made Pariah, Wood, Belasco, cry "enough!"—
With Martin, Walton, Holt—a valiant crew—
West-country Dick and Turner—both good stuff—
And many others, whom thy hits sublime
Floored in fine style, and rendered deaf to time.

EXTRACT FROM A POEM

BY DENNIS O'MURPHY MAHON, OF CORK.

One morning ould Doctor M'Fun
Went out to shoot with his gun,
And at the first shot,
(Believe it or not,)
By jingo, he blew out the sun!

Then the Man in the Moon gave a shout,
When he saw that the sun was blown out,
(For he hated the great staring sun;)
And 'Arrah, my honey! come up
To the moon, and I'll give you a cup
Of the finest poteen
That ever was seen,
Bekaise you have blown out the sun,
With your gun.
Long life to you, Doctor M'Fun!' (Ib.

LOGIC.

Giles Jolt, as sleeping in his cart he lay,
Some pilfering villains stole his team away:
Giles wakes and cries, 'What's here? odds dickens, what!
Why, how now I—am I Giles, or am I not?
If he, I've lost six geldings to my smart;
If not—odds boddikins—I've found a cart!"

THE LOVES OF THE SHELL FISHES.

A Crab there was, a dashing young blade,
And he was in love with a Lobster maid;
But the Lobster maid was a terrible prude,
And she told her mamma that the Crab was rude.
Said her dear mamma, "Pray, what did he do?
Did he give you a kiss, or a bullet doux?"
"Oh, no," said she, with a toss of her head,
"But he ogles me so—'tis so shocking ill-bred
That I vow, if he still persists in his suit,
I'll box the ears of the impudent brute."
But an Oyster dandy saw the maid—
"Oh, split me," said he, "Miss, if I am afraid"
So tighter he braced his corset shell,
And strutted away with a Broadway swell.
And he told the maid, as he twirled his seal,
He'd die at her feet, if a dandy could kneel.
"Oh, sir," said she, "since that can't be,
You know you can hang yourself on a tree."
And the Oyster raved—"But no," said she,
"You never shall die of scorn from me."
So she gave him her ruby red hand to kiss,
And he felt like a fish in a sea of bliss;
But the Crab he cocked his hat in their faces,
And challenged the Oyster to fight at three paces.
The ground was marked, and they took their stand,
And a Barnacle gave the word of command;
They took their aim, and the Oyster fell!
But, alas, the worst of the tale is to tell;
For while he weltering lay in his shell,
A giddy young Muscle that passed that way,
And saw the end of the fatal affray,
Declared that the Lobster's love was a sham!
For he'd just seen her married that morn to a Clam.

From the Courier.

"SPECIFIC APPROPRIATIONS."

The laxity of the times is excessive—the principles of our forefathers are abandoned—the maxims of our mothers forgot. In politics, in religion, in love, in business, in marriage, and in all the other concerns of human life, we are infected with bad principles and worse motives. Jefferson recommended "specific appropriations for specific purposes." This round principle is now utterly and entirely abandoned. It was but the other day that a young gentleman of Hartford, Maryland, was mulcted in the sum of $1,363 71, for breaking the heart, &c. &c. of a young lady—a feat, that is the heart-breaking, which is now a rarity in the annals of physiology. On the principle of Jefferson the account would stand as follows:—

Mr. so and so,

Dr. to Miss such a one,

Dancing 3 cotillions on first acquaintance,	10 45
Value of 3 sighs and a dream on returning home,	100 00
Thinking of the color of his eyes one day at church,	275 00
Going to the Central Course races, after refusing three other beaux,	375 00
Cut three fine young fellows for his sake,	100 00
Allowing him to kiss my cheek ten times without flinching,	81 14
Making a watch chain,	100 00
Cost of materials for do.	75
Ten romps and two flirtations,	95 00
Tore a gown and burst a stocking in do.	75
A kiss—stolen,	50 00
A long walk by moonlight talking sentiment,	50 00
Fifty blushes when he popped the question,	150 00
My heart—alas!	1 37
Damages for breach of promise,	doll. 1363 71
Errors excepted.	

A FOWL MURDER.—A very singular circumstance occurred in a farm-yard at Fordwich, a few days since. Some of the laborers observed a violent quarrel to take place between the gander and his fair and feathered spouse. The dispute gradually grew fiercer, till the gander, "gathering himself up for mischief," with a vigor and determination worthy of a Grand Turk, seized his unsuspecting wife by the throttle, and, plunging into the pond with her, deliberately held her under water until she was drowned. The shameless murderer and libertine was actually seen the next day gallanting with a grey young goose. It is some slight alleviation of the heinous offence, to be enabled to state, that the hoary murderer does not seem to have lost sight of his paternal duties, as he was observed to be occupied in introducing the misses and masters gosling to their stepmamma.—*Kent (Eng.) Herald.*

HYDROPHOBIA AMONG WOLVES.—A wolf supposed to be mad, was killed at Hunter in this county, on Wednesday of last week. A letter from Mr. Sylvester Hanson, furnishes us with the following particulars:—On the afternoon of Wednesday, the wolf was discovered among a flock of sheep, near the head of East-hill, but upon being attacked by a man with a pitchfork, made off, and passed down the stream about a half a mile to another flock, and at last, got among a drove of cattle. The neighbors armed themselves with whatever weapons came to hand, and gave chase. The wolf seemed ready for the combat, and made towards them, until his attention was attracted by a puppy who had joined the frolic. This diversion gave his pursuers an opportunity of attacking him with safety, which they did, and he was soon dispatched with pitchforks and clubs. It was a male wolf of uncommonly large size.

The elder Kean continues to be attractive as a performer in London. He lately played Shylock at the Haymarket Theatre. The London Courier says of the performance:—

Mr. Kean appeared in excellent health and spirits, and went through his part with all the vigor of his best days. In the third act particularly, he displayed a greatness of conception, and a power of execution, which rendered the threat of revenge terribly effective.—While Kean can play with the energy he did on this occasion, we can see no reason for his taking leave of the stage."

NANCY DAWSON.—She was a dancer at Covent Garden Theatre, previous to the accession of George III.; and in 1760 transferred her services to the other house. On the 23d of September in that year, the "Beggar's Opera" was performed at Drury lane, when the play-bill thus announced her: "In Act III, a hornpipe by Miss Dawson, her first appearance here." It seems she was engaged to oppose Mrs. Vernon in the same exhibition at the rival house. That her performance of it was somewhat celebrated, may be inferred from the circumstance of there being a full length print of her in it.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

GOOD ADVICE.—In one of the courts in New-York, a blacksmith who had a gift of stammering to perfection, was called into court as a witness between two journeymen of his, in a law suit; the amount in question being about 75 cents. The judge, after hearing his testimony, asked him why he had not advised his workmen to settle, the cost being five times the amount of the disputed sum. In reply the witness observed: "I-t-t-t-old the foo-o-ols to settle. I-s-s said the con-con-stable would take their co-o-ats, the lawyers their sh-shirts, and by j-jing if they got into your Hon-Honor's court, you'd sk-sk-skin 'em."

STAG-HUNTING IN HUNGARY.

On the 24th of September, 1818, at ten o'clock in the morning, Prince Paul Esterhazy, attended by a numerous party of friends, quitted Eisenstadt (a magnificent residence of his father, about thirty miles distant from Vienna) to enjoy a stag-hunt, a diversion altogether novel in Hungary. At eleven, they arrived in the centre of a beautiful plain in front of the castle, where they found the fox-hounds of Lord Stewart, three stalls, or carriages containing stags, and a numerous assemblage of sportsmen. The prince and his party immediately mounted, and preparations commenced for turning off a stag, while every heart beat high with anxious expectation. At this moment the Princess, attended by several ladies in barouches, drove up to witness the novel but beautiful scene. The morning, with breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom, was heavenly. The signal given, the carriage was opened, and the stag stepped forth in all his native majesty; looking round with a mixture of surprise and contempt, he bounded off in high style. When viewed at the distance of about two miles, the hounds were cast off; after a little dashing, they stooped, and challenged in good form. "Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy!" was the cry; the crash became general; and, after one checkless burst of forty minutes, the gallant hounds pulled down their game. The Prince, Lord Stewart, Mr. Fitzroy, Mr. Bloomfield, Prince Wenzel Lichtenstein, Count Schonfield, Count Esterhazy, the huntsman, and a ninth sportsman, were in at the death. Having blooded the hounds, the party returned to the plain. Fresh horses were in attendance, but no change was made, except by Lord Stewart.

It was now one o'clock, when the head game-keeper again opened a stall, and produced a stag much superior to the first. After eight minutes' law, the hounds were cast off. They went at a rattling pace for five miles, when the stag was headed at Nellap; the check was momentary; he took away through the fine galloping country, and after a noble burst of fifty minutes, he entered the extensive vineyard of Margarthen. The hounds were immediately drawn off, to prevent injury to the vines, and he was driven through by the peasants, trotting before them in most majestic style. This check was amply compensated (at least to some) by the truly interesting spectacle afforded by the picturesque landscape, in which groups of beautiful Hungarian maids were reaping the rich harvest of Bacchus.

While regaling on the grateful juice, we heard a halloo from the opposite side of the vineyard: "hark forward!" was again the cry. The stag now faced the fine plain of Margarthen, over which we went at great speed. On approaching a gentle but long declivity, we descried the glassy lake of Sultz, which the stag had taken, and was now nearly half way across the distance from on shore to the other, being rather better than an English mile. The hounds immediately took the water; their noble master, Lord Stewart, Prince Esterhazy, Mr. Fitzroy, Mr. Bloomfield, Mr. Weatherby, and two English grooms belonging to the prince, dashed in along with them. Will, the huntsman, and Jack the whipper-in, both Englishmen, (recorded with regret,) *bolted* with the Hungarians. The scene was now certainly unparalleled in the annals of European sporting. A stag swimming across a mighty lake—a pack of hounds, in full cry, swimming by the sides of the horses, encouraged by their daring riders. The effort was desperate but irresistible; the very water appeared to give a tacit consent to the attempt; it was placid and perfectly motionless, save a gentle undulation caused by thousands of wild ducks, who seemed to sit in judgment upon the rashness of the sportsmen. From the centre of the lake the latter beheld the noble stag reach the shore, at a moment when an insurance at Lloyd's would have been very high against *their* doing so: happily, in a quarter of an hour more, their gallant steeds brought them safe to land, attended by their mute pack of hounds, which had no wind left for music. After a pause of a few minutes, to collect the hounds and breathe their horses, they challenged at the very edge of the lake, and ran, in a direct line, for a mile and a half, to the summit of a strong ascent, into a small walnut cover, where the dashers were joined by their long-lost companions, who had more prudently preferred galloping on dry land to swimming in a lake. Here the stag turned back, and bent his course down the mountains towards the lake again. It was now difficult to determine whether the effort made by the hounds or the horsemen, to prevent his gaining the lake, was the greatest. A second swimming appeared to be desired by neither; he made a desperate effort to gain the lake, and did so, but it was only to die: eight of the leading hounds pulled him down, about twelve yards from the shore.

Poor stag! the dogs thy haunches gore,
The tears run down thy face:
The huntsman's pleasure is no more,
His joys were in the chase.

Thus ended a chase of fourteen miles by land, and one by water, that would not have disgraced a pack of the best appointed stag-hounds in Europe. All the horses in the field were English, except one, which was rode by a Lieutenant-General of cavalry, and which proved very deficient in speed for the business of the day. The sportsmen returned, highly delighted with their day's sport, to the princely mansion of Eisenstadt, where they partook of a magnificent banquet, to refresh them after their fatigues.

The Autumn Races.

FALL RACES,

OVER THE UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

THE Fall Races over this Course will take place the first week of October next. The purses will be run for on the second, third, and fourth days of said month—heats of three, two, and four mile's. The amount of each, with particulars, will be given in a future advertisement.

In addition to which the following stakes (three of which yet remain open) will be contended for:

Poststake, all ages, $1000 each, p. p. four mile heats; to come off Monday, October 1st, and to close on the 10th of September next—three entries or no race. Three year olds 90 lbs; four years 104 lbs.; five years 114 lbs; six years 121 lbs.; aged 126 lbs. 3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings.

Sweepstakes, for three year olds, 200 dollars each, half forfeit, mile heats—colts 90 lbs.; fillies 87 lbs.: 3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings—to come off on the 2d of October, and to close Sept. 10th. Three subscribers or no race.

Sweepstakes, for three year olds, 150 dollars each, 50 dollars forfeit, mile heats; colts 90 lbs; fillies 87 lbs: 3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings—to come off Oct. 3d; five subscribers; closed June 1st, 1832.

Sweepstakes, all ages, 300 dollars each, half forfeit, two mile heats; to carry weight as in the poststakes above: to come off October 4th, and to close on the 10th of September next: three entries or no race.

Gentlemen who wish to subscribe to either of the above stakes which yet remain open, will please to signify the same in person, or by letter addressed to the undersigned.

C. R. COLDEN, *Clerk of the Course.*
Union Course, Jamaica, N. Y.

DUTCHESS CO. RACES.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

THE Fall Races over the Dutchess County Course will commence on Tuesday, October 2d, and continue three days.

First day, at 12 o'clock, sweepstakes for three year old colts, two miles out, for 300 dollars each, 100 dollars forfeit; six subscribers.

At 2 o'clock, two mile heats, purse 200 dollars.

Second day, at 12 o'clock, one mile heats, purse 100 dollars, free for any colt, three years old or under, bred in the counties of Dutchess or Columbia.

At 2 o'clock, three mile heats, purse 300 dolls.

Third day, at 2 o'clock, four mile heats, purse 500 dollars.

Poughkeepsie, July 9, 1832.

CENTRAL COURSE.

BALTIMORE, MD.—STAKES NOW OPEN.

CHATEAU MARGAUX STAKES. A post sweepstakes will be run for on the 2d day of the next fall meeting, 2 miles out. Entrance $300, p. p. Each gentleman over twenty-one years of age to ride his own horse. Four or more to make a race. The winner to pay six dozen of Chateau Margaux wine to the club. To close the first day of August. To this there are already eight subscribers.

2. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, bred and owned in the state of Maryland and District of Columbia, two mile heats.—Entrance $100, h. f: to run first day of fall meeting, 1832. Four or more to make a race. To close and name 1st of October.

3. A post sweepstakes for next fall, free for all ages, four mile heats. Entrance $500, p. p.—the proprietor to add $1,000; four or more to make a race. To close 1st of October. Subscribers, Jno. C. Stevens, Wm. R. Johnson, J. M. Selden.

4. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, to run next fall meeting, two mile heats. Entrance $200, h. f: four or more to make a race. To close 1st of September.

5. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, (that have never won a race,) to run next fall meeting, two mile heats. Entrance $200, h. f: four or more to make a race. To close 1st of October.

CUSICK'S RACE COURSE

NEAR BRIDGEPORT, OHIO.

FOUR Days racing, commencing on Tuesday 2d day of October next.

First day a purse of $50 two rounds and repeat. Entrance $5.

Second day, a purse of $75, three rounds and repeat. Entrance $7 50.

Third day a purse of $100 four rounds and repeat. Entrance $10.

Fourth day a handycap purse of $30 to be run for, the three best in five. Entrance $3.

The racing will be agreeable to the rules of Jones track Elizabethtown (Grave creek.) The proprietor pledges himself to have the track in complete order.

JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

SAVANNAH, GA.

A SWEEPSTAKE for Colt's two years old, (reckoning from May-day)—2 mile heats—entrance $200 p. p. will be run for the day preceding the next regular races, which will take place during the last week in January next. Entries to be made with the Secretary any time before the 1st of December next, at which time the Book will be closed.

A Colt is already entered.

RICHARD D. ARNOLD, *Sec'y.*

MILLEDGEVILLE RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of the Milledgeville (Geo.) Jockey Club, will commence on Tuesday, the 16th of October.

First day, a sweepstake, free for any horse, one mile heats; entrance $25.

Second day, colts' race, free for any colt that has not won a race; entrance $30.

Third day, three mile heats, free for any horse; entrance $25.

Fourth day, one mile heats, three best in five, free for any horse; entrance $20.

R. H. SMITH, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

RACING.

THE annual racings of the Washington Jockey club will commence on Wednesday, the 19th of September, and continue four days. Purse respectable.

JOHN W. ANDERSON, *Secretary.*
Washington, Ky., Aug 6th, 1832.

JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

LANCASTER, PA.

THE Fall Races for 1832, over the Hamilton Course (near Lancaster) will commence on Tuesday, the 18th day of September, and continue four days.

First day, a sweepstakes, mile heats, for three year olds, 100 dollars entrance, half forfeit: to close on the first day of September.

Same day, a purse of 100 dollars, mile heats: entrance 25 dollars, to be added to the purse. One horse must win three heats to be entitled to this day's purse.

Second day, two mile heats, purse 200 dollars.
Third day, three mile heats, purse 300 dollars.
Fourth day, four mile heats, purse 500 dollars.

The above purses are free for all horses carrying weight agreeably to the rules of the course.—All entries for the above *colt's* race must be made with EDWARD PARKER,
June 25th, 1832. Treasurer.

TO SPORTSMEN

OF TENNESSEE AND KENTUCKY.

NOTICE is hereby given to the sportsmen of each of the above named States, that the subscriber has opened a RACE TRACK at Columbia, Adair county, Ky., which is said to be, by persons who are experienced in the business of racing, and who have had frequent opportunities of judging, not inferior, but rather superior, to any track now in either of the States. If the Lexingtonians and Nashvillians, they whom it is believed, own and run the best horses in their respective States, wish to contend with each other and meet upon half way ground, the Columbia Turf is the place. If any number of men with their horses, wish to be accommodated when they come to Columbia, to the races or on other business, they can call on the subscriber—He occupies the large and commodious brick building, formerly occupied as a Tavern by John Graham, and has supplied himself amply with every thing necessary for the entertainment of travellers.

m 61 JAMES MOORE

Sporting Stores.

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale a general assortment of Select Fishing Tackle—Consisting of superior Trout, Fly, and River Bag-rods; do. Walking Cane Rods; best Multiplying Reels; Landing and Shrimp Nets; patent India-grass, Flax and Hair Lines of all lengths; Silk-worm, Gut, Stretchers, Swivel Sinkers; Improved Limerick and Kirby Hooks; Artificial Flies; do. Fishes, Floats, &c. &c. All the above articles are expressly adapted to the Sports of this Country. LEWIS,
No. 3 Wall st, cor. New-st, opposite the Church

*** *Visiting and Address Cards engraved and printed.*

FISHING & FOWLING TACKLE

CHARLES R. TAYLOR, No. 112 Maiden Lane, near Broadway, New York—Gut, Grass, Hair, Silk, and Hemp Lines. Hickory, Ash, Hazel, and Bamboo Rods, either solid or in the Walking Stick, for Fly and other fishing. Single and Compound Reels of superior quality. Hoops and Netts—Fishing Baskets—Artificial Baits of all kinds—Fish hooks of every description. Swivels, brass or steel—Swivel Leads—Bait Needles—Disgorgers—Bait Boxes—and Floats of all sizes.

Also—Single and Double Barrelled Guns and Pistols of various qualities. Shot Belts, single and double—Powder and Liquor Flasks—Game Netts—Cleaning Rods—Wad Cutters—Nipple wrenches and Turn-screws—Dog whips and coils—Dog collars of all sizes—Drinking cups—and Pocket lights. Sportsmen's apparatus, consisting of Knife, Fork, Spoon, Cork-screw. Powder of the best quality, and all sizes of Shot.

Swords, Dirks, Epaulets and Plumes; also a variety of articles in the Hardware and Cutlery line.

FISHING TACKLE STORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed his store from No. 395 Pearl-street to No. 52 Fulton-street, where he offers for sale a general assortment of Fancy Articles in the Hardware line; also a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle, consisting of almost every article in the line, viz. fly and river rods, brass and wood reels, sinkers, floats, swivels, silkworm gut, Black, Bass, Weak, Perch, Trout, Pickerel, and a variety of other fish hooks too tedious to name. Hooks fastened on gut, gimp, grass, hair silk and flax lines, gut leaders, a variety of artificial baits, such as Shrimp, Minnow, &c. Trout, Herring and Salmon Flies. New-London and other lines of every description.

Also a general assortment of Powder, Shot and Flints. Where also may be had a constant supply of Macdonald's Paste and Liquid Blacking, J. Durell's writing ink, both superior articles.

T. W. HORSFIELD,
No. 52 Fulton-street.

HINTON'S

WAREHOUSE & MANUFACTORY,
194 BROADWAY, N. Y.

WHERE may be had in large or small quantities, on reasonable terms, the following articles:—Military Caps of gold, gilt, silver-plated and other trimming. Plumes and pompoons of every color, size and description. Swords and belts suitably for cavalry, artillery, infantry or navy officers. Gold, silver, gilt and plated Epaulettes of all patterns; do. Wings, and worsted do.—do. Tassels, do. of all sizes; do. Laces, different qualities. Muskets, cartridge boxes and belts, dirks, belt and pocket pistols, fencing foils, masks and boxing gloves. Pocket pistols, housings, holsters, bridles, and all the variety of military horse equipments.

FOWLING ARTICLES.

Double and single guns, Damascus, stub and twist, and plain barrels, (made by the most celebrated gun makers in London,) flint and percussion rifles; English and American gunpowder in canisters; percussion caps and fitters; shot and flints; powder and drinking flasks, and caps; bullet pouches, powder horns and bullets; shot and game bags; leather and mahogany gun cases; cleaning rods with all the necessary implements; dog chains, collars, and calls; percussion and flint locks, and general assortment of gun mountings.

FISHING TACKLE.

Trout and river rods of all descriptions, walking cane rods, India grass, hemp, silk and hair lines of all lengths. Single and multiplying reels, silkworm gut, swivels, sinkers, first quality of Limerick and Kirby hooks on hair and engine twisted hair, artificial flies, fishes, devels, frogs, mice, floats, hoop nets &c. &c. composing a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle.

TO TRAVELLERS.

Manufactured and for sale as above, travelling trunks, valices and carpet bags of the best quality.

N. B. Flint locks percussioned and guns and pistols repaired in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice.

FISHING TACKLE STORE.

THE subscriber begs leave to return his grateful thanks to his patrons and friends for the encouragement he has thus far received in his endeavors to establish permanently a cheap Fishing Tackle store: and also hopes that they will still favour and sustain him with the same—he also begs leave to inform them that he has constantly on hand a very great quantity of Fishing Tackle, all of which is fitted up in the most elegant and superior style viz. A large assortment of Canton and Calcutta, Bamboo Fishing rods with or with out Joints, for Fly and other fishing. Grass, Gut silk, and Hair lines of English and American manufacture, swivel-sinkers, floats, artificial baits; such as for Trout, Salmon, Pike, and other fishing, too numerous to mention. Also—2 or 300 000 of Hemming's best steel Fish hooks and a large assortment of fine Limerick hooks, several thousand Savannah canes, for fishing and reed making, all of which may be had wholesale and retail.

P. S. It would be an advantage to those wishing to purchase to call and select such articles of Tackling as they would wish in his line, as they would get a bargain.

N. B. Just received—a large quantity of superior, fresh Silk-worm Guts, which he offers for sale on the most reasonable terms.

ABRM BROWER,
230 Water street.

PERCUSSION CAPS.

TO SPORTSMEN.—The subscriber has just received and offers for sale *The Improved Percussion Cap*—the charges and construction of which is, on explosion, to prevent the caps from flying into fragments: thereby protecting the shooter from accident to the face, eyes, hands, &c.

ALSO, the Scientific Self-defender, *(suitable for the meridian of Washington.)*

LEWIS,
☞ Wall-street, No. 3, corner of New-st opposite the Wall-street church.

*** VISITING and ADDRESS CARDS of every description engraved and printed in a superior style at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. June 26.

TO SPORTSMEN.

JUST Received—*Hawker on Shooting* or *Instructions to Young Sportsmen*—in all that relates to guns and shooting—difference between the Flint and Percussion System—Preservation of Game—Getting access to all kinds of Birds—Specific directions with new apparatus for Wild Fowl Shooting, both on the coast and in fresh water—new directions for Trout fishing, and advice to young Sportsmen on various other subjects, by Lieut. Col. Hawker, 6th edition in 8vo. enlarged and improved with 30 fine plates and wood cuts.

"Col. Hawker is one of the best shots in England, and his "Instructions to Sportsmen," the very best book we have on the subject."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

☞ A few copies of this valuable work imported and for sale by Peabody & Co. 219 Broadway 2 doors from St. Paul's Church.

R. N. WHITE.

POCKET Book and Morocco Fancy Article Manufacturer, corner of William and Liberty Streets, New-York

Miscellaneous.

CASTLE GARDEN.

H. MARSH, Proprietor of this celebrated and well known Summer Retreat, has the pleasure of informing his patrons and the public that it is now open for the season.

Since the close of the Garden, extensive and important alterations and improvements have been made, and it is now fitted up in a style of splendor and magnificence exceeding by far any other establishment of the kind in the city—the whole having been designed and executed by Messrs. F. Grain and Assistants.

The well known and justly celebrated Military Band, under the direction of Mr. Thos. Dilks, as Leader, is re-engaged, and will perform the most approved Overtures, Marches, Airs, &c every pleasant evening during the season.

Admittance 12 1-2 cents, for which refreshments will be furnished at the bar.

THATCHED COTTAGE GARDEN, JERSEY CITY

SAMUEL S. LYNCH, late of Castle Garden, respectfully informs the citizens of New York and vicinity, that he has taken the entire management of this unrivalled place of resort for rural pleasure and health, and that he is now ready to receive company, and affords every comfort and convenience that can be found in any similar establishment in the Union.

Two superior boats, and the requisite apparatus for the pleasant and agreeable sport of fishing, are at all times in readiness for the accommodation of friends and patrons. June—tf

LOST,

IN the afternoon of Friday the 13th inst. a RED MOROCCO WALLET, containing fifteen dollars, $10 on the United States Bank, and $5 on the Bank of New-York. The finder, by leaving it at this office, will be rewarded for his trouble.

July 14, 1832.

OCEAN HOUSE.

At Shrewsbury Inlet, near Long Branch.

CAPT. JAMES PENNOYER respectfully informs the Public that the above House, under the superintendence of Mr. LAWRENCE STILLMAN, is now open for the Season.

This ESTABLISHMENT, being in the immediate vicinity of the OCEAN, offers rare inducements to persons desirous of enjoying the luxuries during the Summer Months, of a *Sea Breeze*, and of *Sea or River Bathing.*

The new Steamboat DAVID BROWN leaves New-York from Fulton Market Wharf every day (except Thursday) for the above place, and lands passengers within Fifty Yards of the House. Persons leaving the city in the morning, can remain nearly six hours, and return by 6 o'clock, P. M.

Boats, Fishing Tackle, Bait, &c. can be obtained at any time.

THE SERAPHINE,

A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, INVENTED BY C. G. CHRISTMAN, 398 PEARL ST.

AFTER a long time of uninterrupted perseverance, this extraordinary instrument is introduced to the public in its present very gratifying perfection. The Seraphine will be understood to be a keyed instrument, or an Organ in miniature, peculiarly adopted for domestic use; but it is not necessarily confined to domestic purposes; it is sufficiently powerful for small churches. It is impossible to conceive so small an instrument capable of producing such an immense volume of harmony; at the same time it is capable of the utmost possible delicacy of diminuendo and cresendo, from the soft sighing of the Æolian harp to the grandeur and majesty of the full choir, in a degree of excellence never yet claimed by any other instrument. Such an instrument, independently of its novelty, cannot fail to be valuable to any performer on the pianoforte or organ.

N. B. At Mr. Christman's Music store may be procured, eight key'd Flutes, Accordeons, Pocket and Kent bugles, for which he has been honored with the first premium of the American Institute, also Guitars, Violins, Military and other Instruments; Music, which he has just published for the Guitar; the beautifull song Green Hills of Tyral, as sung by Mrs. Austin in the Opera of Cinderella, with three new Waltzes composed by O. Torpe, and to be continued in numbers.

WATERING PLACE.

No. 41 Bowery, 1st door south of the Theatre.

J. CAIN & CO. Proprietors of this establishment, respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they have fitted up the various apartments of their Hotel in a style of comfort and accommodation unsurpassed by any other similar establishment in the city, and that, in addition to the well known genuineness of their entertainments, both for strangers and residents, they have finished their Ten-pin Alley on a plan of superior commodiousness and beauty, where gentlemen of the most scrupulous morality may freely enjoy the healthiest and most invigorating exercise, apart from certain pernicious practices which are too common in houses of public entertainment.

The subscribers having established the rules of their Hotel on a footing of unexceptionable propriety and order, respectfully invite that liberal patronage which they will make it their constant endeavor to merit. J. CAIN & CO.

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DR. I. FRANCIS,

SURGEON DENTIST, 93 Chatham street, between Duane and Pearl streets, New-York

REMOVAL

JOHN BURDELL, DENTIST, has removed his office from 299 1-2 Broadway, to 303 corner of Duane and Broadway. ☞ Entrance in Duane street.

REMOVAL.

DR. S. BAKER & SON Dentists, have removed to 61 Bowery corner of Walker street, entrance in Walker St.

A CARD.

REAL Estate and City Registering office No 497 Pearl street. Office for supplying young and middle-aged men with situations, also for giving and receiving advice on any subject. Also for procuring partners, agents, clerks, or in fact any kind of help.

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From the commencement of this paper, our humble endeavors have been unceasingly exerted to elevate the character of American Periodical Literature, and we trust we have not been altogether unsuccessful.

Our columns have been, and will continue to be, principally filled with *original* matter.

Besides the writings of the Editors, we are honored with occasional contributions from a list of *nearly two hundred native Authors*, which embraces many of the most distinguished and highly gifted literary men of the land.

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POEM ON INTEMPERANCE.

MR. THOMAS'S Poem on Intemperance, in five cantos, is for sale at the bookstores of H. C. Sleight, Burnett & Smith, D. Appleton, and J. Seymour, New-York; and Bigelow & Worthington, Brooklyn.

FOR LONG BRANCH,

EATONTOWN, RED BANK, AND THE OCEAN HOUSE, AT SHREWSBURY INLET.

The new and elegant steamboat DAVID BROWN, Capt. James Pennoyer, will commence her regular trips for the above places on Sunday morning next, August 5th, running alternately to Eatontown and Red Bank in the following order, viz:—

Will leave Fulton Market wharf for Eatontown every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday: For Red Bank every Tuesday, Friday and Saturday, morning, at 8 o'clock. Returning, she will leave from each place at 12 o'clock noon, stopping at the Ocean House Dock, at Shrewsbury Inlet, until 1-2 past 3 o'clock P. M. each day. By the above arrangement passengers will have an opportunity to remain at Long Branch several hours, sufficient time to bathe, dine, &c. and return to the city at an early hour in the afternoon. Stages will always be in attendance to convey passengers to Long Branch and other parts of the country.—Fare to and from Eatontown, Red Bank, and Shrewsbury Inlet, 50 cents each way.

A trip to the Ocean House at Shrewsbury Inlet, or to Long Branch, is not surpassed by any similar excursion in the vicinity of New-York.

Boats, fishing-tackle and bait always to be had at the Ocean House of L. Stillman.

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J. B. CARTER 143 Bower returns sincere thanks to generous public and in particular to gentleman of the Turf, both in this and neighboring cities, for their liberal and increasing patronage. He has on hand and is constantly manufacturing light pleasure harness of every description. Racing and Trotting Saddles, Bridles, Whips Spurs, &c., together with almost every article in his